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THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM: PAMPHILL, DORSET

Reece Winstone

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CI No. 2628

MAY 30, 1947



Devek Adkins

HER HIGHNESS PRINCESS SITA OF KAPURTHALA

is the 32-year-old wife of the Maharajkumar Karamjit Singh, third son of the Maharajah of Kapurthala. She was decorated with the Kaisar-i-Hind Medal for her war work with the Red Cross, and last came to England some ten years ago to be presented at Court. She and the Prince hope to visit London and Paris next year

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE USE OF FERTILISERS

SIR JOHN RUSSELL, in his inaugural address to the newly formed Fertiliser Society, reviewed the history of one of the most important and fruitful applications of experimental science to natural processes which has ever been made. Obviously nobody is better able than the late Director of Rothamsted either to assess the benefit to agricultural production which has already been derived from the skilful application of inorganic materials to the soil, or to put before a world eagerly clamouring for more food the possibilities and problems arising from their employment in the future. The story of the past is a fascinating one so far as this country is concerned. It begins in the days when the great German chemist, Liebig, oddly anticipating some of our own propagandists of the 1914 war, railed at British merchants who, he said, ransacked the battlefields of Europe for bones to grind for manure. Liebig's own theory that all manuring of crops should be mineral and not organic was long ago discarded, and never, indeed, affected farming practice; but English scientists and farmers, acting on the general assumption that crops which were known to contain certain inorganic elements could be improved by adding those elements to the soil were able to show more than a century ago the beneficial effects of phosphate of lime or bone dust on turnips, potatoes and grass; of nitrate of soda or nitrate of potash on cereals and grass; of salt on cereals on light soils; and of gypsum on leguminous crops.

It was John Bennet Lawes, the young squire of Rothamsted, who at that time put inorganic fertilisers definitely "on the map," and began the large-scale manufacture of "superphosphate" for agricultural application, and the story of his legal adventures in search of protection for his patents is almost as romantic reading as that of his making the world's first and greatest experimental station out of his own Home Farm. To-day, though there exists an unscientific and voluble minority who would have farmers reverse Liebig's view that farm-yard manure is a wasteful superfluity and who vow that artificials are not only superfluous but materially and morally vicious, he would be thought a poor farmer who failed to make full use of the inorganic fertilisers and the technical knowledge of their proper use which is at his command. Naturally he does not know everything, but he has learnt a great deal, and from the new National Advisory Service and the County Committees he will be able to obtain any information and facilities he lacks.

What of the future? Figures recently published show that during the war the employment of fertilisers largely increased. The consumption of nitrogen trebled, of phosphoric acid

doubled, and that of potash increased 50 per cent. Much of this increase was needed to offset the lack of imported feeding-stuffs which normally supply us with more of these plant constituents than is obtained from fertilisers. But there was still a margin for extra food production, and we shall not have reached the limit of effective use of fertilisers even when imports of feeding-stuffs become normal, and farm-yard manure becomes better and more plentiful. The pattern of our post-war agriculture, fortunately, is now beginning to take shape. The war-time restriction of meat and egg production in favour of grain is bound to be

THE SINGING THRUSH

THE singing thrush in time of snow lay dead . . .

And now—

The softer breezes fan the sky.

Another thrush calls from the topmost bough—

The lark triumphant soars above the plough.

Along the dusky woods

The catkins swing . . .

And by the stream

The budding willows break

Silver and gold.

In orchard—close—stirred from their winter dream

The apple trees are nigh to burgeoning. . . .

O hearts that vigil kept

Through the long months of dark and bitter cold,

Wake! At the dawning of the day—

Behold,

The pageant of the year unfold. . . .

The spring doth in her maiden beauty pass,

Trailing her garments o'er the daisied grass.

M. E. MASON.

reversed. We shall have to import more grain, though we probably need feel no serious anxiety about the possibility of getting it. There is, however, a real risk of shortage so far as oil seeds and oil cake are concerned. Our problems will largely centre on the production of food for livestock, and Sir John Russell suggests that one of the great problems of the future for experts will be to express the efficiency of their fertilisers in terms of protein equivalents and starch equivalents per acre, and to work at schemes whereby our farmers can provide a large proportion of food, particularly of protein equivalent, for their increasing flocks and herds. Fertiliser problems are becoming more and more complex, and the new Society will do invaluable work by fostering full discussion of them, and the freest exchange of opinion.

GARDENS WEEK

CHELSEA Flower Show's welcome recurrence after seven years came to crown the season when thoughts turn naturally and all the more gratefully this year to the national balm. Gardens are not only the best of traditional escapes—or solaces as a more graceful age would term them—for the spirit, but a necessity for the better life which is the aim of all politics. How necessary, it has been possible to see from road or rail this week, with renewed vividness, in the transformation of every suburb into a place of genuine beauty. Perhaps it is the unusual abundance of blossom this year, or that gardens have grown up during the war in what were previously raw rows of houses; but, whysoever, the ancient truth is driven home that to cultivate our gardens is one of the essentials of national well-being. Gardens are rightly given prominence in the plans for London and other cities. A section of the Chelsea Show devoted to this aspect prompted the reflection that simplicity should be the keynote, and a model exhibited by the Roads Beautifying Association exemplified how even prefabricated houses can be embowered. Much of the opposition to the Bankside Power Station, even in its reduced form and with its extended gardens, is due to its interference with the London Plan's project of riverside gardens linked to the residential areas beyond, which has gripped the public imagination. Meanwhile the private citizens who, as reported in the *Evening Standard*, are undertaking the gardening of an old churchyard at the corner of

Cheapside and Wood Street are performing a public service that if repeated by others living or working near derelict corners or dank courts would easily yet immeasurably add to the national stock of happiness.

THE REVISED CITY PLAN

THE Final Report to the Improvements and Town Planning Committee by Dr. C. H. Holden and Professor W. G. Holford virtually approaches the problem of replanning the City afresh. The most important revision is in the conception of the area in integrated blocks, or in a sense precincts, and the specification of how, by setting back upper storeys, maximum height of 120 ft. could be permitted with actual increased provision of daylight at street level. The lines proposed for the main traffic routes compare favourably with the previous proposals. The area round St. Paul's, it is recommended, should be restored to that originally proposed by Wren. The Report, however, is far too complex and important a document to be summarised in a few sentences and we propose to deal with it in closer detail in a succeeding issue.

THE PILGRIM TRUST

NOT the least of the benefits conferred by Mr. Edward Harkness in founding the Pilgrim Trust has been the latitude given to the Trustees in administering its funds so that the objects of the grants can always be varied according to current needs. In making their allocations, totalling over £160,000 last year, account has been taken of the great extension of social legislation which has made the support of social and welfare schemes less urgent than in the past, and it has been the Trustees' policy to devote a considerably larger proportion of the income to the causes of art and learning and the preservation of buildings and records. The Trust's Report for 1946, recently published, shows a wide range of grants, the largest of which was the £50,000 given to secure the Hirsch Music Library for the British Museum after the Treasury had made itself responsible for half the cost. Four cathedrals, Canterbury, Chichester, Lichfield and Southwark, have been materially benefited—or will be when the licences for building work can be obtained. But equally, if not more, important is the help which the Trust is able to give to valuable but little known institutions. For instance, at Hartlebury Castle is the fine library which Bishop Hurd of Worcester bequeathed to his successors. Both the books and the charming Adamesque building in which he housed them have been urgently in need of care and attention. The Pilgrim Trust has stepped in. Two of last year's grants were made to Folk Museums. The Earl of Plymouth's gift of St. Fagan's Castle, near Cardiff, to the National Museum of Wales, has made possible the creation of a Welsh Folk Museum, and the Trust has contributed £10,000 towards the public appeal which has been launched. And the Cambridge Folk Museum, for which Lord Fairhaven has purchased the old Abbey House at Barnwell, has also received a grant.

AT ST. ANDREWS

AFTER reposing here since 1938, the Waller Cup must again cross the Atlantic, and, after the high hopes entertained by our side and the immense amount of pains taken by the Selectors, this is undeniably a little sad; but the right side won, and there is no possible scope for a post-mortem on the match. It was a delightful game between two friendly sides, and there was at least much to be thankful for in two perfect sunny days, following truly appalling weather. They even dried up the water in some of the bunkers, and prevented the old course at St. Andrews from being a swamp, which it at one time threatened to be. It was not indeed the old course as its devotees like to think of it, fast and keen, full of subtleties and demanding a variety of shots. But it was, considering what it had endured, in wonderfully good order, and provided at least a stern test of straightforward, powerful, accurate golf. It was not quite St. Andrews, but it was a worthy and impartial battlefield, which produced worthy winners.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

WAY back in the dull days of last autumn I applied for a boat on Blagdon lake for May 1 and 2, for I am inspired by the theory that a trout takes more freely on the first day of the season than at any other time of the year, since, if its memory is anything like mine, it must have forgotten during the long winter months what an artificial fly looks like, or, in fact, that such an unpleasant creature as an angler exists. If any fisherman with a mathematical brain wishes to go further into the matter, he can work out the statistics for himself by studying the records of Blagdon, which go back to 1904, and comparing the catches of the two opening days with those of the remainder of the season. The impression that I have obtained at Blagdon and other waters is that there is something in the theory, provided of course that the weather is in any way reasonable—if it is ever reasonable these times.

* * *

INASMUCH as quite a number of anglers hold the same views as I myself, I did not get in at the top of the queue, as I had hoped, and when I applied, May 6 and 7 were the two earliest dates available. This was a disappointment at the time, but when both the 1st and the 2nd proved to be the grimmest and coldest May days I have ever experienced, I was most grateful that Fate had seen to it that I was disappointed. On arrival at the lake on the 6th I found the hardy Highland boatmen just recovering from their exposure to the bitter weather on the opening days, and learnt also that it is not only the farmers who object most strongly to D.S.T. The lake, like every other water in the land, was bank high and, as this state of affairs has persisted for well over a year, some of the coniferous plantations along the shores, which are growing at present water level, are beginning to show their disapproval. I do not know what the remedy is, but, as a fisherman and tree-lover and not a water-engineer, I should say that the people of Bristol may safely use far more water in their baths, provided, of course, that they obtain the fuel with which to heat it.

* * *

DURING the long cold spell in February and early March the lake was frozen from end to end for weeks, with no open water at all, and this state of affairs has caused some diminution of bird life, for, among other absentees, I failed to see the pair of kingfishers that usually frequent the stream by the hatchery. I saw, however, many pairs of breeding mallard, a bachelor party of five mallard drakes on a "men only" expedition, a pair of tufted duck busy round their nest, and the first of the swifts to put in an appearance, on May 7. Also, my partner and I caught two trout round about the 3lb. mark, which I felt we deserved, and if there are fish in this land with pinker and firmer flesh than those from Blagdon, I can only say I have never met them.

* * *

IN common with many other men of my age I am constantly reminded of the extent to which my memory has deteriorated owing to the confusion of six years of war, and the circumscribed ration-hunting life I have led since during the two years of nationalised peace. I find it most difficult to recall if certain important episodes occurred in 1940, '41, '42 or '43, if other episodes happened just before 1939 or 1914, and, in fact, if certain pleasing episodes, which now seem wholly imaginary, ever occurred at all! I cannot remember how many chickens I kept in 1939, though the local



J. Hardman

PARTNERS AT THE WHEEL FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

W.A.E.C. constantly ask me this question, since with their taste for quaint mathematical problems and fantastic arithmetic they wish to deduct an acre of land and a hen and a half from the total, and I am still looking for an envelope full of most important papers that I put away in a safe place when the first of the bombs began to drop in 1940.

* * *

THERE was also a case of whisky which I buried in the garden at the same time and for the same reason, but I felt certain that there could be no risk of my brain letting me down over the location of this item. It did, however, and when, some three years later, the rationing of spirits having become acute and the bombing of Britain less so, I went to disinter the case, I set an example to all the local residents by carrying out in a most thorough manner that well-known maxim of the newspaper horticultural correspondent, "the whole garden should be dug over to at least a spade's depth during the winter months," but no one realised why I dug so furiously. In those days we were constantly exhorted to "dig for victory," and many people obeyed the command, but I think I was the only man in the country who dug for whisky!

* * *

THE question was raised recently in a newspaper about which of our many birds is the commonest, and I suppose the answer to this must be the obvious "it all depends on the locality." If one eliminates cities, big towns and suburbia, which are not natural haunts of bird

life, and thereby eliminates the house-sparrow, I should say that the chaffinch is far more general throughout the countryside than any other variety. There are, of course, certain parts of Scotland where greenfinches appear to be in greater numbers, and sometimes in the uplands of Dorset I think the goldfinch must predominate. In other days, when almost every other field in the south of England accommodated a flock of green plover, it seemed—perhaps the wish was father to the thought—that our most useful friend, the peewit, might possibly top the list, but unfortunately there can be no question of that at the present time. If when one goes about one's lawful, or unlawful, occasions along the roads, lanes and rivers one keeps a note of all the birds seen, the day on which one did not meet a chaffinch would indeed be remarkable.

* * *

THE chaffinch seems to be my constant companion wherever I may be, and there is a certain aggressive cocksureness about his methods, which is possibly one of the reasons why he maintains his numbers so successfully. I do not know that I am particularly pleased with his efficient work on the newly sprouted brussels sprout and cabbage seed in the early spring, though I suppose one must give him full marks for the orderly manner in which he lays the discarded white shoots in carefully-dressed lines after removing the seed, but I do obtain quite a lot of amusement from watching his 'prentice, but most determined, efforts to catch the very ephemeral may-fly on the wing when these insects hatch on the chalk-stream. A

further point of interest about the bird is that he appears to have a local accent, and that, for instance, the short, lilting song of a chaffinch in Wales or in the Highlands of Scotland differs in pronunciation from that of a bird in Hampshire, though the words are the same. I have never been able to catch the first part of the sentence, since he hurries over them rather, but the last few words are unquestionably "in this yew tree," which is not always correct, for he frequently makes the remark when seated on an apple or birch tree.

It is a comparatively common sight to see a starling or a crow settled on the back of a cow or sheep, but though I have observed the magpie in a number of queer and unexpected places, probably pondering over some evil deed, I have never seen one using a living perch. A correspondent has written to tell me that recently she saw six magpies settled in a row on a cow's back, and in reply I said that I felt the visitation had some extraordinary significance for the cow, but, as I had mislaid the rhyme about magpies, I could not foretell what the future held for the animal. My correspondent then supplied the version given by Mary Webb in her book, *Seven for a Secret*:

*One for sorrow; two for mirth;
Three for a wedding; four for a birth;
Five for silver; six for gold;
Seven for a secret that's never been told.*

She states also that she was mistaken about the sex of the beast, for, according to her husband, it was a steer and not a cow on which the birds were perched, and that in his opinion the effect the six magpies would have on the young animal would be to cause it to think it

would become a golden calf or, more prosaically, to hope for a mangold in the evening meal.

A NAVAL correspondent has raised the point whether the desert locust of North Africa (neither he nor I remember the insect's Latin name) has been found in the British Isles of recent years. He states that quite an appreciable swarm was recorded in Cornwall in 1869, and that these insects later spread northwards to the Midlands. He asks the question because in 1930, when his ship was between Gibraltar and Malta, the sky was darkened by clouds of locusts, and thousands dropped on to the deck of the vessel. Unfortunately, as the ship was a modern steel cruiser, it was not possible to discover whether there is any truth in the old sailor's yarn that, when locusts swarm on to a ship at sea, they settle on the yards, eat up the sails and fly off wearing canvas jackets. On this particular occasion, it seems, the locusts had reached the limit of their endurance, and they were falling into the sea in every direction around the ship. I recall that in 1930 I saw the same thing happening off the Palestine coast, and a big shoal of Spanish mackerel that had collected were taking them most enthusiastically. The incident is impressed on my memory as it represented the finest hatch of "fly" I have ever seen on any water, and the biggest and heartiest rise of fish.

THE study of the private life of the migratory locust is still in progress, since investigations have been hampered until recently because the main breeding locality of this insect pest is in the centre of Arabia, which in the past was a land forbidden to Europeans. It appears

from the evidence available that locusts in their natural haunts reach the over-population mark roughly every ten years, and then migrate northwards. 1930 was a particularly bad locust year, since the whole of North Africa and Western Asia were visited by swarms, which continued to come in from the south for approximately six months. I heard vaguely of an invasion again in 1940, but as everybody was concerned then with a possible invasion of Great Britain by Germans, and another by Italians was actually in progress in Egypt, the efforts of the locusts did not attract the usual attention.

THE individual locust does not look particularly intelligent, but there is obviously some herd instinct directing their movement; for each swarm is apparently flying, or if immature, marching, on a certain compass bearing, which is somewhere within 20 degrees of due north. It was noticeable in 1930, when swarms over ten miles in width invaded Egypt, that, when an advancing swarm was blown back by a gale from the north, it would reappear in a day or so still plodding ahead on its old compass bearing.

On almost every occasion when migrating locusts work their way north to the deserts surrounding Egypt, appreciable swarms cross the Mediterranean and land in Sicily, southern Italy and, occasionally, Spain, and my correspondent asks if this is intentional or not. I advance no opinion myself; I can only say that, when on two separate occasions a strong gale from the south blew the huge swarm that we were fighting out into the Mediterranean, we were heartily glad to see the last of them, and that not one returned from the sea voyage.

THE VALE OF NEATH By GEOFFREY GRIGSON

IN their olive uniform, wet and steaming, four American soldiers were sitting under the rock behind a fire of big logs—a large enough fire to resist the steady sifting of fine rain and the drip from the trees overhead. Just to the left of where they sat, the smooth ledge of rock ended and several feet below the Mellte flowed smoothly out of its cavern.

The soldiers might have been campaigning in the American Civil War, instead of despondently killing time in this training-ground in South Wales, which enforced occupation removed them so far from girls and cinemas and public houses.

One thought of Civil War descriptions by Bierce or Walt Whitman, or of some forest encampment in a novel by Fenimore Cooper, and the scene made the exit of the river far wilder and more significant than Porth-yr-Ogof itself, though even there, where the Mellte slides down into the darkness under a great ivy-hung pediment of limestone, more soldiers were concealed in their tents in the rounded dells of the river bank.

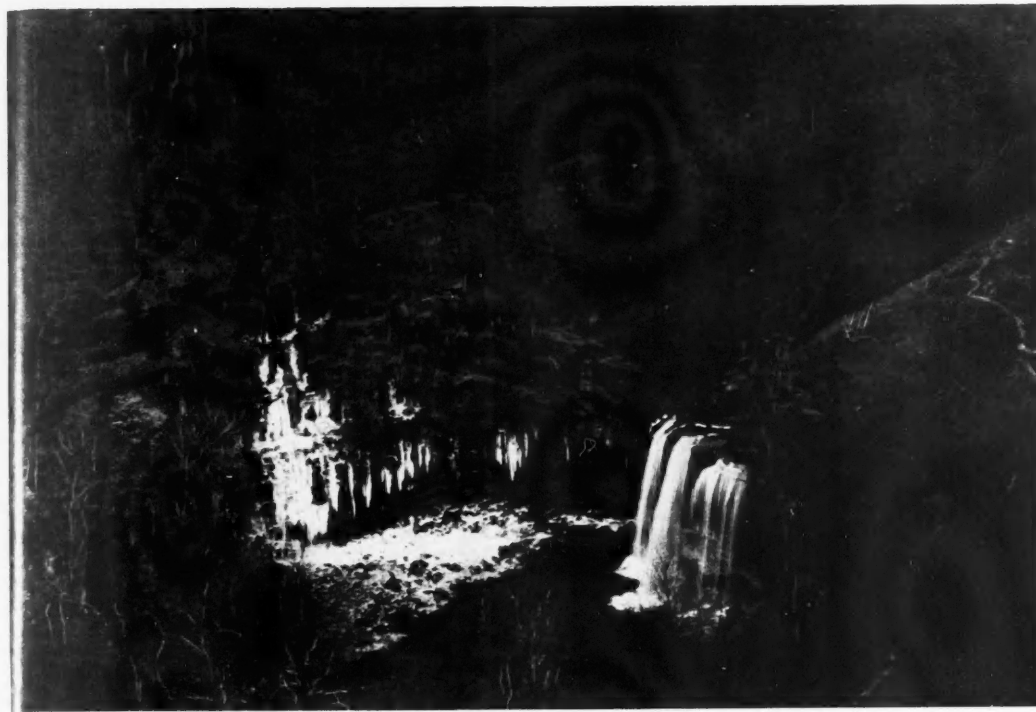
America, in fact, was in possession of all the tableland between the Mellte and the Little Neath. Part of it was an artillery range, and the Americans were flinging shells onto the higher rocky country above the village of Ystradvallte. When, on a drier day, we wished to explore the limestone gorge among the ash trees and the bird-cherry, which was then in flower, we had to endure the whinnying of the shells overhead and the solid explosions as they reached their target a mile or two beyond.

We had come down to this maze of rivers and gorge rivers which sunk out of sight in the hollowed limestone, descended from the limestone into wooded valleys, and then, among the shales, slipped over sandstone ledges into deep falls, as to a small region that had lost its name, and seems now to be ignored out of South Wales itself. The topographical travellers knew it, and admired it. Benjamin Malkin and the Rev. Richard Warner and Thomas Roscoe described it. It was painted; yet this Vale of Neath, or Glyn Neath, never established itself in the company of the Isle of Wight, the Lakes, Lynmouth, Killarney, Devil's Bridge and North Wales. For one 18th-century or early 19th-century print of Porth-yr-Ogof, on the waterfalls, there were ten of the Devil's Bridge or Pistyll-y-Caen, or Bettws-y-Coed. It is true the district keeps its place in guide-books—Baddeley and Ward analysed it usefully in their *South Wales*—but nothing comparable in the British Isles can so lack celebrity. No other district seems so little to expect a stranger. We had come, nourished on the *Cambrian Travellers' Guide*, half-expecting some such hotel as the one at Devil's Bridge; and found at Pontnedd-fychan an inn more concerned with drinks than with visitors. We ended in a coal-miner's cottage.

To say why the Vale of Neath is not in the canon of beautiful places, one could put forward a good many reasons. One could allege either that its tracks and paths were too rough—or that its inns (there are only two) had been too poor, or that the proximity of coal-mines and copper-works had been too interfering, or that no 19th-century landlord, absorbed in the picturesque, had ever governed the river-valley from some central mansion built for him by Wyatt or John Nash. All those reasons may have had their share. But the truth is that the Vale of Neath possesses its own enclosed and intimidating character. Around and above Pontnedd-fychan one could never have indulged in the sense of being absorbed into a wilderness without limit. The district is



SGWD GWLADYS, ONE OF TWO WATERFALLS ON THE PYRDDIN, THE EASTERLY TRIBUTARY OF THE NEATH



SGWDD-YR-EIRA, OR THE "SPOUT OF SNOW," SHOOTS THE HEPSTE, A TRIBUTARY OF THE MELLTE.

(Right) PORTH-YR-OGOF, THE ENTRANCE TO THE UNDERGROUND COURSE OF THE MELLTE.

(Below) AN ARTIST'S EXAGGERATION. A reproduction of an etching from Thomas Roscoe's *Wanderings in South Wales*

compounded too much of valleys. It lacks openness and largeness of scale. It is packed closely and deeply and confusingly together. It may contain as many waterfalls in close concentration as anywhere else in the British Isles; yet most of them in the valley deeps are too muffled and hidden under trees for a clear view—for a favoured "station" in the usage of the picturesque painters and travellers.

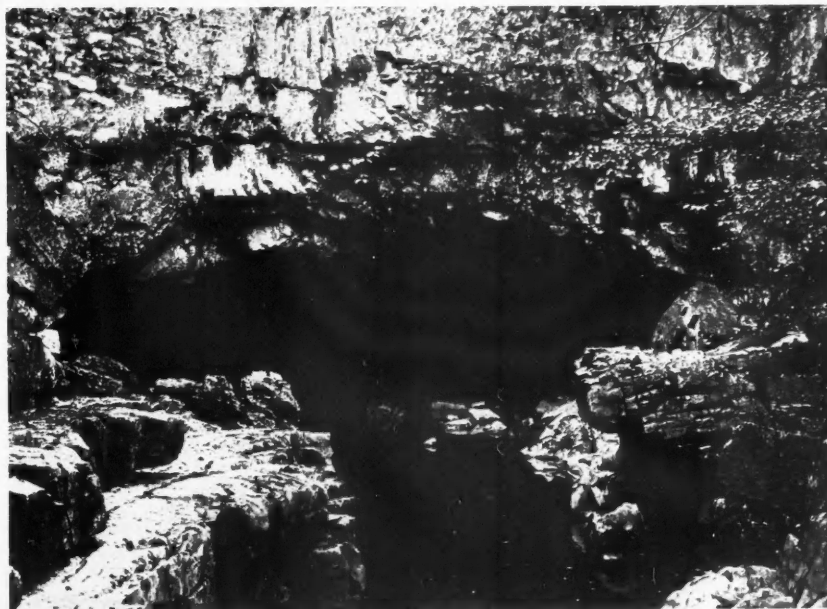
Travel in these valleys (and one travels, for the most part, like a mole, almost like a miner up adits of rock and wood that reduce the sky to a length of tape) is jungle travelling; and when one leaves the jungle at the head of the valleys, the landscape, deserting limestone for the old red sandstone, turns wide and unvariegated and gloomy. If clouds come, and roof over the valleys, the sense of closure is complete; so in many ways these upper tributaries of the Neath, Porth-yr-Ogof or no, limestone gorges or no, waterfalls or no, form a landscape better fitted perhaps to our taste than to the taste of 1800 or 1830. Many romantic travellers must have followed Malkin and Warner and Roscoe, and found the district rather more affecting than they had fancied, and affecting in the wrong way. Moreover, industry thrust itself, still thrusts itself, above Pontneddfychan. In the valley of the Mellte stand the ruined powder-works, block by block. Up the Little Neath, the path uses—attractively if you have a taste for it—the track of a deserted mineral tramway; and just below the powder-mills, just off the Mellte valley, at the foot of the Sychnant Gorge, mining is in progress. A tramway creeps up under the rock wall above the stream until it comes to the orange-yellow adits driven into the valley side.

All this imparts that scarred lunar quality, at least to the neighbourhood of Pontneddfychan, which is peculiarly within our tastes, for ruins the human mind must have to feed upon, and ruins that are solitary. When the romantic travellers did their investigation of England and Wales, they had castles, abbeys and the like to content them, all untouched by the frigid hand of exact and official antiquarianism. What they discovered we have organised.

The ruins they knew in loneliness we ap-

proach on well-made paths with wire-netting baskets for picnic litter. And we have arrested their ruination. So the genuine ruins of our time—apart from the temporary ruination of bombs—are either such relics of abandoned industry or abandoned farm-houses and farm-buildings.

Though one reaches the limestone gorges and the dry limestone beds and water-sculpture towards Ystradfellte by tracks that take one through bogs with the amethysts of butterwort or down lanes lightened with the swinging bells of bird-cherry, the limestone scenery of the Vale of Neath is miniature and less remarkable than the limestone of Derbyshire or the West Riding. Artists exaggerated the scale of Porth-yr-Ogof. Thomas Roscoe's illustrator, in his *Wanderings in South Wales*, opened it to the size of an infernal gallery conceived by John Martin, quadrupled its height above a group of manikins with a flambeau; and he had not the stimulant to exaggeration that James Ward found in the true immensity and surprise of Gordale Scar. When Malkin visited Porth-yr-Ogof the water



must have been low: "We penetrated about a hundred yards, as far as the glimmer of the day from the mouth directed us; and this specimen of Stygian horror was amply sufficient to justify all rational curiosity."

In fact, it is not the limestone, but the narrow, dark valleys below, where the veins of water cut down through the shales and drop over platforms of sandstone, which combine into the oddness of Glyn Neath. And of the falls, three, above the rest, have a satisfying peculiarity. Sgwd-yr-Eira, or the "Spout of Snow," shoots the Hepste, one of the Mellte's tributaries, when it has gained speed down an incline, forward into a glen beneath trees. The path comes down and under the fall by a ledge, the soft shales under the hard sandstone of the lip having been eaten back. Warner described how he sheltered from the rain beneath this fall, a possibility duly repeated by unoriginal guide-books ever since.

Certainly the most delectable falls are the two on the Pyrddin, the easterly tributary of the Neath. Sgwd Gwladys, the first one, I should put high among waterfalls in the British Isles, for here the valley is fairly wide and across it slope the thick strata of sandstone tipping the river sideways against the high dark cliff of shale. So the sandstone platform over which the water curves is many times wider than the fall itself. The fall is delicate in mid-water, not very lengthy, but bare and open to the view, and deserves its name of the Lady's Spout.

Sgwd Eioneon-Gam, higher up, is black terror succeeding delicacy, for the valley narrows, until the passage towards the deep hollow of the waterfall is slippery and difficult across the shales and under the trees. Then the valley turns into the hollow and stops. The walls of shale circle one round, and from above



SGWD EIONEON-GAM.

"SGWD EIONEON-GAM TAKES AN EIGHTY-FOOT JUMP INTO THE BLACK POOL AT ONE'S FEET" An etching by J. G. Woods

the Pyrddin takes an eighty-foot jump into the black pool at one's feet. Yet an "eighty-foot jump" exaggerates, for to begin with, the Pyrddin comes in crookedly—Sgwd Eioneon-Gam means "Crooked Eioneon's Spout"—from

right to left over a few steps, before it drops down white against the damp, black shale. The *Cambrian Traveller's Guide* gives an odd piece about Sgwd Eioneon-Gam, a piece in keeping, which one may meditate on the journey, that Sir Herbert Mackworth, "formerly proprietor of this district . . . admired this waterfall exceedingly, and had formed a road to it. On passing along it a thorn stuck in his finger, inflammation and mortification succeeded, which put an end to his life in a few days."

The Pyrddin valley is frequented. Cyclists ride up the path, and camp on the grass flats towards Sgwd Gwladys; but if one crosses by the foot-bridge, takes the path of the mineral tramway which is cut into the side of the valley or built out upon its steepness, one is swallowed into an isolation of the primeval South Wales, into a valley of green shadows and small farms and outbursts of rock, which is crossed only by a couple of farm tracks. There indeed one seems as lost as in one of Fenimore Cooper's oak openings in undeveloped America.

Some of the literature of the Vale of Neath I have mentioned—Richard Warner's *Walk Through Wales of 1799*, Benjamin Maklin's *Scenery, Antiquities and Biography of South Wales*, based on tours he made in 1803, and Thomas Roscoe's *Wanderings in South Wales of 1837*, books common enough and easily had, on which the modern guide-book accounts are all of them, or most of them, based. Emilie Nicholson potted these for his account of the Vale in the *Cambrian Traveller's Guide*, a book necessary still for all exploration in Wales, North or South. Beyond these four, there is one much rarer book, little found either in libraries or out of them, by the porcelain painter, William Young, who had much to do with the pottery of Nant Garw. It is his *Guide to the Beauties of Glyn Neath*, in which the text is of less account than the hand-coloured etchings. William Young "trusts he has preserved"—as indeed he has—"the character of the scenery; the time he has chosen is about the latter end of October, when the foliage in Glyn Neath has a peculiarly rich tint." This is a late book of the picturesque, published in 1835.

To these add, for eighteen pence, a geological book with 40 photographs, Dr. F. North's *River Scenery at the Head of the Vale of Neath*; which is one of the publications (all of them excellent in a rare degree among museum literature) of the National Museum of Wales. But even then photographs are not hand-coloured autumnal etchings.

(The photographs illustrating this article are reproduced by courtesy of the National Museum of Wales.)



SGWD CLUN-GWYN, A WATERFALL ON THE RIVER MELLTE

ELIZABETHAN PORTRAITURE

By DENYS SUTTON

THE history of our native school of painting has, on the whole, suffered from neglect in England. About certain periods we are tolerably well informed: the water-colourists of the 18th and 19th centuries, for instance, have received due attention. But generally speaking the development of English art has still to be treated in its entirety; and the news that the Oxford University Press is actively considering the publication of a history of English art, comparable in scope to their history of England, is to be welcomed.

One of the most interesting and least explored periods which would well repay detailed treatment is the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Whereas we know much about the literature and social life of the age, the poems and plays form part of our general education from an early date, our knowledge of the parallel movement in painting is limited and usually confined to specialists. Much spadework in this subject was accomplished at the beginning of the century by scholars of the calibre of Miss Mary Hervey and Sir Lionel Cust and is to be found in the pages of *The Burlington Magazine* and the annual volumes of the Walpole Society. But, except for the volume on Tudor painting published by Professor W. G. Constable and Mr. Collins-Baker, and an essay in a symposium on *Shakespeare's England*, no modern general survey of the art of the period exists. Yet Elizabethan painting was far from being negligible; its flavour was personal and it possessed, too, the added advantage of having been created at a time when Shakespeare and Ben Jonson were active.

Though the exhibition at the Arcade Gallery (Royal Arcade, Bond Street, W.) was confined to portraiture, it succeeded in presenting the two principal currents that characterise Elizabethan painting: an absorption in the surface glitter of objects and a solicitude for the mental life of the sitter. Many Elizabethan portraits representing a gallant posing with evident pleasure and with a hand resting on a richly decorated sword or showing a fine ring, resemble indeed the fashion plates of a later era; we are immediately reminded of the exuberance and swagger of the contemporary stage and of the verbal richness of Lyly's *Euphuism*. Yet there is the other side to the picture: that passionate interest in death clearly expressed in the curious portrait of Queen Elizabeth belonging to Lord Methuen (attributed to Marc Gheerhaerds the Elder), which presents a conception of life complementary to Yorick's skull, the poetry of Donne and the spiritual conflicts of the metaphysical poets.

Compared to contemporary literature, Elizabethan painting is inevitably meagre, and the lack of a tradition is probably to be explained



A GIRL OF THE WENLOCK FAMILY, AGED 14. ANON. LENT TO THE EXHIBITION BY LORD BEARSTED

as a result of the Wars of the Roses and the advent of Puritanism. Against this background, we inevitably relied on the example of foreign painters such as Gheerhaerds and Zuccaro to endow the rough work of our native school with the facility and competence of the Continent. Yet an interest in the fine arts had already been shown by Henry VIII.

Queen Elizabeth herself, though above all a scholar, was not uninterested in painting; her conversations with the miniaturist Nicholas Hilliarde indicated that she had a shrewd understanding of the various styles of drawing then obtaining in England and on the Continent. England was clearly considered as a possible market for the sale of works of art, and a French dealer, Nicholas Houel, offered a number of cases of painting, including works by Dürer, to the Queen. Whether or not she bought them has not been revealed; but London had already begun to be the great entrepôt for the sale of works of art.

If Elizabethan painting, for all its occasional vigour or charm, leaves us unsatisfied by its very provincialism, in one form of art, the miniature, the Elizabethans excelled. So exquisite a painting as Nicholas Hilliarde's miniature of a gallant (in the Victoria and Albert Museum) is one of the most enchanting pictures of the period; with its suggestion of hopeless love and with the pastoral background to the figure, it recalls the songs and lyrics of the period, the poems of Spenser and Sidney. These miniatures expressed so much of the Elizabethan character, their vitality and passion, their wish to impress the image of a personality on their contemporaries and to communicate their own surprise and enchantment. "No people in the world," said a contemporary, "is so curious in new fangles as they of England be."

Decoration may often have been the principal aim of Elizabethan portraitists, but at the same time those elements appeared which were to culminate in the direct and vigorous work of Hogarth and Reynolds. The scope of Elizabethan portraiture was limited, but it had honesty and charm and the personalities of its artists deserve, perhaps, a more profound study than they have as yet received.



YOUNG MAN OF THE GOODRICKE FAMILY. ANON. LENT BY LORD GORT

THE QUALITY AND STYLE OF CUT GLASS—I

Written and Illustrated by E. M. ELVILLE

THERE are numerous types of cut-glass articles that attract the collector and by their sparkle and beauty invite him to add to his collection, but whether they are meant to grace a cabinet or are intended for everyday use, they should satisfy the requirements of quality and style.

To many, glass is just a transparent substance that can be moulded into any required shape and lends itself to many pleasing forms of decoration. It is taken very much for granted, although in the day of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the mystification with which it was at one time regarded had not entirely been abandoned. Of glass, Dr. Johnston wrote, "Who when he first saw the sand and ashes by a casual intension of heat melted into a metalline form, rugged with excrescences and clouded with impurities, would have imagined that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniences of life as would, in time, constitute a great part of the happiness of the world?"

A true appreciation, therefore, should first be cultivated by the collector for the substance glass itself, by a study of its romantic development over countless ages, its fascinating process of manufacture, its truly remarkable properties and the many imperfections that are capable of marring its beauty. Once an appreciation for the nature of the material has been developed, there will grow a sensitiveness to its quality.

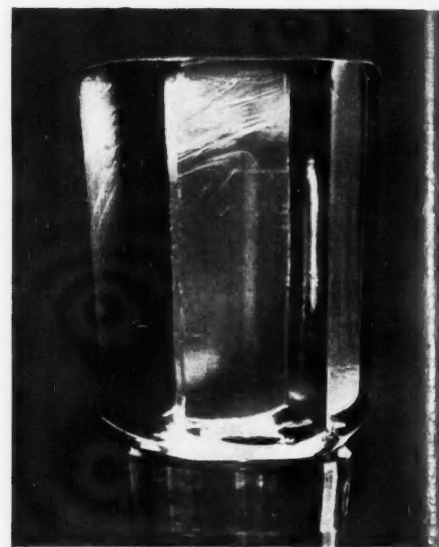
It is seldom that a specimen of glass is found without some defect, and cut glass requiring hours and sometimes days of careful work on the part of the craftsman is not likely to be an exception.

The defects met with in glass are numerous and space does not permit of a detailed explanation of their causes and effects. Some, indeed, fall within the scope of a technical treatise on the subject. The present article is concerned, therefore, only with the more

common defects likely to be found in specimens of cut glass which reach the collector. They may be broadly classified as: (1) defects in the glass, and (2) defects in design and workmanship during decoration.

The main characteristics of good crystal glass are its density, colour and clearness. The heavier the substance of the glass, the greater its power to break up the light transmitted through it, thereby enhancing its sparkle and brilliance. The best English crystal glass contains a large proportion of lead, and it is this ingredient that bestows upon the glass its great density and corresponding power to refract light. As the compounds of lead used are expensive, however, some glass manufacturers, especially Continental, avoid using the proportions that are necessary to produce a full crystal glass, or resort to the use of cheaper substitutes, such as baryta and lime. These substances are not nearly so successful as lead in imparting the brilliancy and lustre so characteristic of lead glass because they form glasses of a lighter substance with a corresponding lower power to refract light. The difference between a heavy lead glass and a lighter baryta glass can be readily detected by the "ring" of the glass, that is the note emitted when a vessel is sharply struck. That of lead glass is deep and bell-like, while the ring of glass made from baryta is much less distinctive. It should be pointed out, however, that this test cannot be applied to all vessels, as it depends very much on their shape. A decanter, for example, cannot be persuaded to emit a note when struck, whatever the composition of the glass. The weight and appearance of the specimen are the only guides in such a case.

The second step is to examine the specimen for colour. The glass-maker, true to the traditional mystery that has always enshrouded his craft, refers to "colour" when he really means absence of it. Thus a "metal of



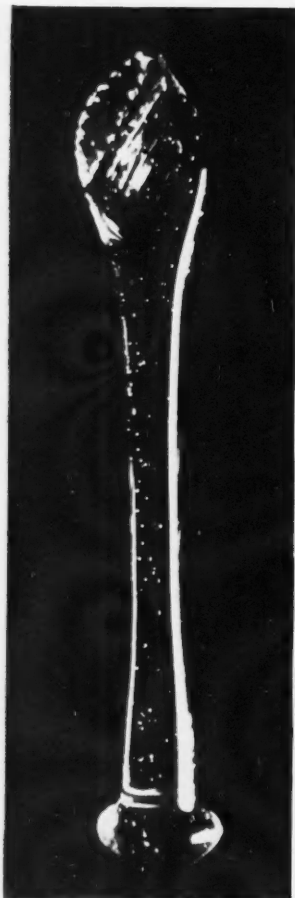
1.—DECANTER STOPPER SHOWING STRIAE

good colour" means a colourless specimen of glass. With best lead crystal glass no colour tint should be discernible. In order to achieve this result elaborate care is taken in preparing the raw materials and in their subsequent melting, and small quantities of so-called "decolourisers" are added in order to correct any remaining tint. As this is accomplished successfully only with difficulty it is apparent that in the cheaper productions an objectionable tint can often be detected. With lead glass a faint blue cast is sometimes found which on the whole does not detract from the appearance of the specimen, but with the lighter baryta glasses pale pink and green tints can often be detected. Sometimes the colour tint is so slight that it is discernible only by contrasting it with a glass of complementary colour against a perfectly white background.

Before leaving the subject of colour, it will not be out of place to refer to the generally accepted idea that Waterford glass is distinguished by a blue or a greyish-blue tint. The first statement on the subject appears to have been made by Hartshorne, who claimed that "Waterford glass is usually to be distinguished by its pale blue tinge," since when the idea has become so deeply rooted that no glass is considered to be genuine Waterford unless the blue tint is apparent.

It has already been mentioned in this article that a faint blue cast is sometimes noticeable with lead glass. Now, this applies to any lead glass, wherever its place of manufacture. The colour tint remaining in the glass depends upon the correctness of the additions of decolourisers required to neutralise the colouring effect of the impurities in the raw material. The variation of even minute quantities of these decolourising agents one way or the other represents the difference between a colourless glass and a tinted one. It is known from records on the subject that a colourless glass was always the object of the Waterford manufacturers and any remaining tints in the glass would, therefore, be accidental. Westropp, in his book *Irish Glass*, states emphatically that he has never seen a "blue" piece marked Waterford and, in fact, Waterford glass is freer from colour than that of the other Irish glass works. Thorpe (*English and Irish Glass*) is another writer who contends that the blue tint of Waterford glass is a superstition and is a common technical defect with all old glass and in the modern imitations of it.

The final characteristic of good crystal glass is its clearness. To dispel any illusions that may exist on the subject, it can be explained at the outset that a perfectly clear piece of table-glass is the exception rather than the rule. A careful inspection almost invariably results in the detection of *striae*, seed, stones or some such

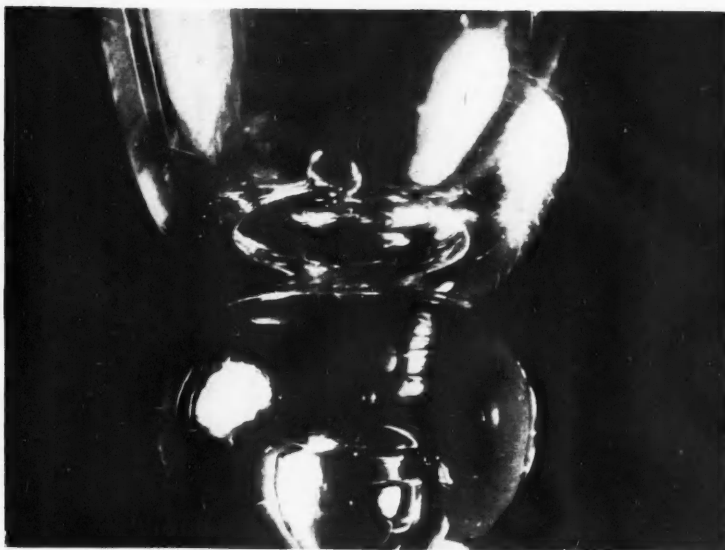


2.—SUGAR CRUSHER SHOWING SPECKS OF IMPRISONED GAS OR SEED.
(Right) 3.—16th-CENTURY GOBLET WITH PROFUSION OF SEED.





4.—17th-CENTURY BALUSTER WHICH HAS SEVERAL DEFECTS IN THE GLASS



5.—SECTION OF THE BALUSTER in Fig. 4 SHOWING A BLISTER



6.—ENLARGED SECTION OF THE FOOT OF THE BALUSTER SHOWING A STONE

defect, but they are not serious unless present in any quantity.

Striae is the general term applied to cords or whirls that streak throughout the mass of the glass after the manner of the intermingling streams of a partially mixed solution of glycerine in water. This lack of homogeneity is caused through improper melting and is particularly discernible in the heavy baluster drinking-glasses of the late 17th and early 18th centuries, owing to the crudeness of the furnaces of that time. The defect is also discernible to some extent in most glass paper-weights of a much later period and is not by any means absent in some modern glass. It causes an objectionable distortion of vision and, in excess, has the effect of making the glass more fragile. Fig. 1 shows a decanter stopper with this defect, the striations being particularly apparent in the upper portions of the specimen.

Seed constitutes what is perhaps the most common defect with all kinds of glass. During the melting of the raw materials, certain gases are evolved which tend to rise to the surface in the form of bubbles. If they are not entirely eliminated they remain imprisoned in the mass of the glass when the vessel is made, appearing either as tiny specks, referred to as "seed," or as a larger and more isolated variety known simply as "bubble" or "blister." Such defects are objectionable and if present they are sometimes purposely obscured by the cut pattern.

The illustration (Fig. 2) of a sugar crusher such as those used with toddy glasses is a good example of glass containing seed. The tiny specks of imprisoned gas are plainly visible. In early glass, say, up to the end of the 17th century, it is not at all uncommon to find specimens with thousands of these tiny specks of seed. The illustration (Fig. 3) of a 16th-century goblet in the collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum shows a profusion of seed.

The 17th-century baluster (Fig. 4) has

many of the early imperfections of Ravenscroft's "glass of lead." Indeed it was some years, at least after the end of the 17th century, before the new crystal glass, discovered in 1676, became more or less perfect in quality. The specimen in Fig. 4 contains slight *striae*, not visible in the picture, as well as seed, blisters and stones, which, although discernible, are not sufficiently emphasised in the figure. The large bubble or "tear" in the inverted baluster stem

of the specimen is an intentional feature and formed the only important decorative effect in vogue at the time.

Certain of the faults in the specimen have been enlarged (Fig. 5) showing a blister or bubble, about the size of a pea, in the base of the bowl.

Stones vary in size and shape, sometimes appearing as crystalline or amorphous particles, usually white, up to a millimetre in diameter or so small as to be hardly discernible. Much larger ones occur during manufacture, but specimens with such defects are at once rejected. The most common type of stone is derived from the clay of the refractory linings of the furnace or from impurities in the raw materials. When a glass specimen in which a stone is embedded is subjected to some sudden change of temperature, such, for example, as when it is washed in warm water, the stone will expand at a different rate from the glass resulting in the setting up of stress, which, if sufficiently great, will cause the glass to crack. Glass specimens containing stones should always be avoided on this account. The foot of the baluster glass in Fig. 4 reproduced in detail in Fig. 6 shows a tiny stone, standing out as a white speck, in the folded rim.

Finally, although it may be true that a specimen of perfect glass is the exception rather than the rule it must not be overlooked that the many pleasing properties of glass form ample compensation for any slight defects that may be present in it. In fact, if it were not for its crystal transparency many of its imperfections would remain hidden beneath the surface.

The specimen of clear flint glass in Fig. 7, manufactured in 1932 by Stevens and Williams, of Stourbridge, is a perfect piece of English crystal glass. It is colourless, that is no residual colour tint is visible, and such imperfections as stones, seed and blisters are absent.

(To be concluded)



7.—PERFECT SPECIMEN OF MODERN GLASS



1.—THE TWO BRINKS CONFRONT EACH OTHER ACROSS THE NENE AS THOUGH THAT WERE THEIR HIGH STREET

OLD TOWNS RE-VISITED—XXI

WISBECH, CAMBRIDGESHIRE—II

The Brinks, with their houses and granaries lining the Nene, give Wisbech a unique character among English towns, though it has analogies in the Low Countries and the Baltic. Growing appreciation of this pageant of riverside architecture has led to the formation of the Wisbech Society and Preservation Trust

By ARTHUR OSWALD

ENGLISH towns built beside rivers have a way of turning their backs on them, with a consequent loss of scenic effect through missed architectural opportunity. At Wisbech the river is the centre of the picture and for that reason the town has a strange, almost foreign air to English eyes. The handsome Georgian houses ranged along the two Brinks confront each other across the deep channel of the Nene, as though that were their High Street; lower down, below the Bridge, where ships and barges come up in the days of sail, a row of fine old warehouses and granaries on the north bank, each with its water-gate, calls to mind similar buildings in the Hanseatic towns of Holland and North Germany (Fig. 11). Many of our East Coast towns, in their brick architecture and the flatness of their setting, have affinities with the ports of the Low Countries and of the Baltic, with which they traded. At Wisbech the riparian plan of the town reinforces the effect of the architecture and of the Dutch quality of the landscape, which must have been still more marked before the disappearance of the windmills.

Until the elegant Georgian bridge was destroyed (in 1855), the un-English effect must have been even more noticeable, and suggested to the Rev. William Cole a rather grandiloquent comparison with Venice. After mentioning the market-place, with its obelisk (also destroyed), he goes on to speak with enthusiasm of the bridge, which "stretching Rialto-like over this straight and considerable stream with a row of good houses extending from it, and fronting the water to a considerable distance, beats all, and exhibits something of a Venetian appearance,

especially if you view it from the London entrance." The old photograph, one of a remarkable collection in the Wisbech Museum taken in the early 'fifties, shows the Georgian bridge *in situ* (Fig. 10). "This vast arch, about 76 feet span, of stone and crowned with a handsome balustrade and lamps" was only fourteen years old when Cole visited Wisbech. It was designed by George Swaine and John Sharman in partnership, but the amateur architect, James Burrough, Master of Caius College, Cambridge, was consulted about the proportions of the arch and its probable

strength. The foundation stone, preserved in the Wisbech Museum, bears the legend: *Ex ligneo surrexit lapideus*. The wooden bridge, which this stone one replaced (in its turn to give way successively to bridges of iron, 1855, and concrete, 1931), is illustrated in the earliest known view of the town, a print of 1756, the plate of which was subsequently altered to show the new stone bridge instead.

Development along the river probably took place because the banks or brinks provided building sites above flood level. That fact rather than any desire to make an



2.—GEORGIAN BRICKWORK : Nos. 12 and 13 NORTH BRINK, WITH BANK HOUSE BEYOND



3.—A LONG VIEW OF THE NORTH BRINK, LOOKING EAST

architectural splash must have been the compelling motive in the first instance for lining the brinks with houses, though, as time went on, no doubt, builders and residents alike must have begun to realise what a fine figure the houses were making. It should be borne in mind that the channel of the river is now much deeper than it was in the 18th century. The print of 1756 shows no stoned and piled embankments in front of the houses, only shallow slopes to the water, more like beaches than banks, and about a hundred yards west of the bridge there was even a ford.

The impression made by the Brinks is cumulative. Fine as some of the individual houses are, it is their choral effect, so to speak, that is most impressive, an effect that is antiphonal in the way in which the southern group answers the northern. As you walk westward, the view is constantly changing, and a slight curve in the river opens a further upstream vista (Fig. 1) not visible from the bridge. A belt of trees breaks the skyline most happily at the bend farther west, rising behind the more distant houses. There is nothing quite comparable to the Wisbech Brinks in England, and because they are unique and so far have remained almost completely unspoiled, it is essential that any new building should be rigidly controlled. One cinema, factory or garage, built without regard to its setting, could ruin the picture. But, fortunately, in the past few years there has been a growing local awareness of the fine legacy

of Georgian building in the town. This resulted in the formation, just before the war, of the Wisbech Society and Preservation Trust. Three years ago came the news of the gift to the National Trust of Bank House, through the generosity of its owner, Miss Alexandrina Peckover. Thus the finest of the houses on the Brinks is secure against disturbance and with it some 46 acres of land which Miss Peckover made over to the Trust at the same time.

Let us walk westward from the bridge along the North Brink. Facing the bridge itself is the classic façade of the old Corn Exchange, built in 1811 (Fig. 6). The arches of the ground storey were originally open, but the corn merchants preferred to conduct their



4.—THE SOUTH BRINK, SHOWING THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND EDE'S TERRACE



5.—A FINE GEORGIAN GROUP ON THE SOUTH BRINK. THE CORNER BUILDING BEYOND THE GAP IS THE SESSIONS HOUSE (1807)



6.—THE EXCHANGE HALL (1811) AND HOUSES ON THE NORTH BRINK



7.—Nos. 6 to 10, NORTH BRINK, FROM ACROSS THE RIVER



8.—AN IMPRESSIVE GEORGIAN BLOCK IN HILL STREET

business outside, so that twenty years after the erection of the building the ground floor was fitted up as a public room for concerts and lectures. It is now the Town Hall. From the bridge for some distance the row of Georgian fronts is continuous. The group, Nos. 6 to 10, taken from across the river, shows how well they harmonise, yet what variety there is in the elevations (Fig. 7). No. 6, a mid-Georgian brick front, is marked by its large doorway with triangular pediment. The stone front next door (No. 7) might almost come from Bath. It was in existence in 1756, being shown in the print of the Brinks published in that year. Its two brick neighbours had then only two storeys with attics; both have been heightened, and Nos. 8 and 9 re-designed in the process as a Regency pair with twin bows going up for three of the four storeys. West of No. 10, just visible on the left of Fig. 7, an old warehouse with its sloping pan-tile roof survives. Then come two more fine Georgian brick fronts (Nos. 12 and 13), each with



9.—STAIRCASE IN No. 12, SOUTH BRINK

brick cornice and parapet (Fig. 2), and showing close affinities with Bank House beyond. No. 12 has a continuous balcony to its first-floor windows, the sills of which have been lowered; the chief feature of No. 13 is its stone doorway with rustications and triangular pediment. Bank House will be the subject of a separate article. It was built in 1722, on a larger scale than its neighbours, and standing back far enough to leave room for a wide forecourt. There follow the stables of Bank House, with an attractive pavilion-like tower covered by a low pyramical roof, and the Friends' Meeting House, Victorian successor of one dating from 1711.

The large Victorian block of houses with the four crow-stepped gables is a prominent object on the North Brink, contrasting with all that has gone before and all that follows (Figs. 1 and 3). But the eye is grateful for the break, the mind for the jolt, lest Georgian complacency should overwhelm us. This block satisfactorily marks the end of part one and the opening of part two. In part two there may be a falling off in the architectural standard, but collectively the houses present a most attractive appearance. Harecroft House, now part of the Girls' High School, is a massive, early Victorian building with a scrolled frieze below the eaves, its window frames and railings painted pale green, contrasting effectively with the yellow brick. This house was designed and built by Algernon



10.—THE STONE BRIDGE OF 1758

A photograph taken not long before its destruction in 1855

Peckover, of the well-known Wisbech family, in the eighteen-forties. A talented water-colour artist, he also dabbled, not unsuccessfully, in architecture. He was also responsible for the design of the houses with the crow-stepped gables. Beyond, the river makes an S bend, and on the farther convex curve the fine pile of Elgood's Brewery brings the pageant to an end. This in itself is a notable example of early 19th-century commercial architecture, and with it the adjoining offices and house, all in various shades of brown brick, form a group of restrained dignity, in refreshing contrast to most commercial buildings of to-day (Fig. 12).

Although there is no bridge at this end of the Brinks to take us across the river, we will take a jump to the South Brink, returning from west to east. The South Brink is not built up so far to the west. The first building of interest is a red brick house, Woodlands, with fine Dutch gables of the kind still commonly found in East Anglia, though few examples now remain in Wisbech. There is formerly another, known as King's Hall, on the North Brink. After Woodlands comes a late Georgian yellow brick row, Ede's Terrace, nicely designed as a single unit with blind panels above the first-floor windows and balancing bays swelling out at either end (Fig. 4). Beyond is the Grammar School, the nucleus of which is a large late Georgian house, with a pediment and cupola, standing a few yards back. This is still a fine building, in spite of incongruous 19th-century additions and the loss of the wood bars of its windows. The group that follows are all good Georgian houses (left of Fig. 4 and right of Fig. 5). No. 12 is notable for a fine mid-Georgian staircase (Fig. 9), showing analogies with the staircase at Bank House, and decorative plasterwork of pretty Rococo character. The doorway, flanked by Ionic columns and having a fanlight with intersecting tracery, is a fine feature of this house.

The gap in the South Brink, where Somers Road comes in, is flanked by contrasting Georgian buildings (Fig. 5). On the west side is the Sessions House, in yellow brick, built in 1807 "from a design by Mr. West," as Walker and Craddock note in their *History of Wisbech*. At the time of its erection it included a gaol, the cells of which still remain below the building; here were kept the town pillory and stocks, and there was a treadmill added to the building in 1823. The large double house, Nos. 7 and 8, South Brink, which fills the corresponding corner

site to the east, is in a deeper shade of mixed brown bricks. It is shown in the print of 1756, but without the pediment or the angle vases on the parapet, which were added a few years later. The interior contains a good staircase and some Georgian panelling and chimney-pieces. The house, which was once the

home of Sir Philip Vavasour, Bailiff of Wisbech in 1761 and High Sheriff of Cambridgeshire, was later acquired by the Hills, who had the headquarters of their bank here. Miss Octavia Hill, one of the Founders of the National Trust, was a member of the family and was born in the house, which, like the Peckovers' on the North Brink, was once called Bank House. A plain late Georgian front with a good doorway comes next, and we are back at the bridge. Taken as a group, these buildings at the east end of the South Brink form a very notable series, and from their greater size and scale are perhaps even more impressive than their opposite numbers.

Three other notable Georgian buildings in the town deserve mention in conclusion. Mounpesson House, a three-storeyed block in Norfolk Street now converted into flats, is dated 1720 on a rainwater head and is nearly contemporary with Bank House. The old workhouse, built in 1722, though now badly mutilated and cut up into shops, has been a good red brick building with a carved cornice. Its future is in doubt, as the site is now earmarked for a new Town Hall. But if preservation or incorporation in a new building should be impracticable in this instance, a fine almost contemporary block in Upper Hill Street (Nos. 50 to 54) (Fig. 8) should certainly be retained. This is one of the best Georgian elevations in the town.



11.—OLD BRICK WAREHOUSES RECALLING SIMILAR BUILDINGS IN THE HANSEATIC TOWNS



12.—ELGOOD'S BREWERY. DIGNIFIED EARLY 19th-CENTURY COMMERCIAL ARCHITECTURE

REVIVAL OF CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW

By D. T. MacFIE



THE ROCK GARDEN BANK AT THE EMBANKMENT END OF THE GROUNDS WAS ON AS AMBITIOUS A SCALE AS EVER

AFTER seven blank years the Chelsea Flower Show of the Royal Horticultural Society was again held in its old familiar home, the grounds of the Royal Hospital, on May 21, 22 and 23. It was not, it is true, a Chelsea of quite the same opulence to which we had grown accustomed in pre-war years. The marquees were not so vast; the gardens were less numerous, and the individual stands throughout were necessarily on a smaller scale. Current restrictions on the use of fuel and on building, together with the shortage of skilled labour, made these things inevitable. But the Show was once again of Chelsea standard so far as the quality of the exhibits was concerned, and there was spectacle enough to delight the most rabid of sensation-seekers.

It must have been a matter of singular satisfaction to the President and Council of the Society that Chelsea, the first of England's really great flower shows, should be the first to be revived, and that despite all the difficulties with which exhibitors had to contend, including the unlooked-for severity of the past winter, the show should again demonstrate that England still leads in the horticultural world.

It was naturally expected that the greatest difference would be found in the outdoor gardens, which entail so much labour in their construction. So it was the more surprising to

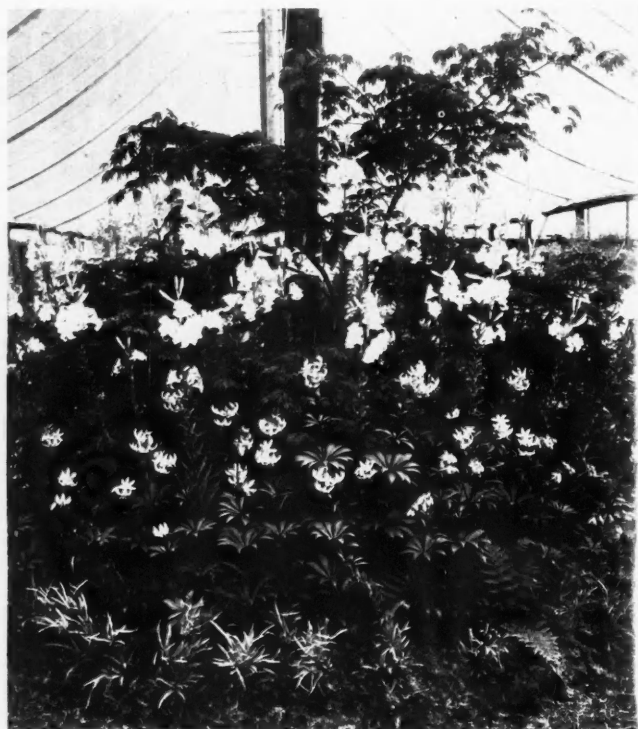
find the rock garden bank at the Embankment end of the Hospital grounds on just as ambitious a scale as ever. There have been critics in the past who have complained of the sameness of Chelsea rock gardens. The terrain of the bank does limit exhibitors to some extent, as also does the fact that faithful reproduction of natural, or possible, rock formations that is always the exhibitor's aim precludes fanciful effects. But no two gardens are ever alike, and it needs only detailed study to reveal the individuality of each. Where all were so good it may perhaps be invidious to single out only one or two for mention, but those planned and planted by Messrs. G. C. Whitelegg and the Winkfield Manor Nursery were outstanding examples of the garden-maker's art.

Other than on the rock garden bank the gardens were on a rather more restricted scale when compared with pre-war days, though Messrs. Hillier and Sons produced a very effective planting of azaleas, acers and background trees with a central maple-flanked pool. The whole was a successful attempt to merge a semi-wild background into the more formal surroundings of the garden.

The prefab. house, complete with garden planted by the Women's Voluntary Services, was also a most laudable effort, though one could hardly concur with their choice of

plants. Massed fuchsias and heliotropes are undoubtedly lovely, but to plant them on such a scale to-day would cost what most people would consider a small fortune. The use of a considerable amount of paving-stone to build retaining walls might be criticised on the same score, but the lay-out on the whole was good, even though its execution was more reminiscent of luxury flats before the war than of post-war prefabs.

In the great marquees and in a few outdoor exhibits, trees and shrubs, with rhododendrons and azaleas most prominent, were perhaps the principal feature. Lord Aberconway, the President of the Society, staged a large exhibit of hybrid rhododendrons, all of which had been raised in his lovely garden at Bodnant, Denbighshire. Adlo, a really beautiful soft pink-and-white Loderi seedling (Adonis x Loderi), though a small plant, had the great size of flower and truss that distinguishes Loderi offspring, and for a centre piece there were some really magnificent scarlet and orange hybrids with Laura Aberconway, a cross between Griersonianum and Barclayi, as the main specimen plant. This is a very vivid scarlet. Although it also has Griersonianum as one of its parents, Vanessa var. Pastel is of totally different habit, compact and tidy, if such a word may be used to describe a plant. It has, however, similarly

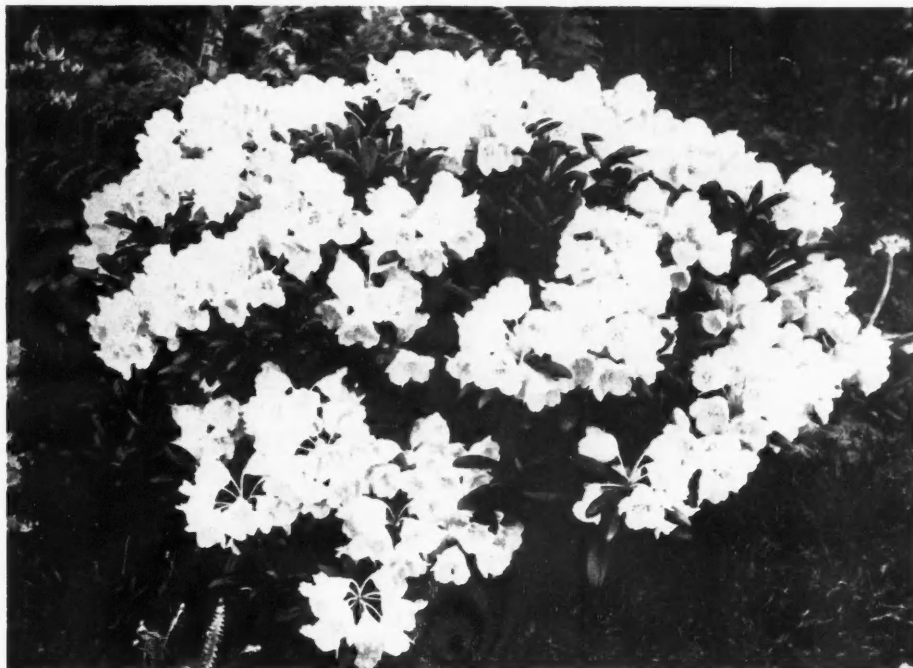


A GLADE IN A LARGE EXHIBIT OF RHODODENDRONS, PRIMULAS AND LILIES FROM WISLEY GARDENS. (Right) MADONNA LILIES AND *L. HANSONI* AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF MAPLES. MESSRS. W. A. CONSTABLE'S EXHIBIT

large trusses of widely spread flowers, coloured a delightful rose pink with creamy centres.

Azaleas were equally interesting, for there were no fewer than three large exhibits of the newest named varieties of the Knap Hill hybrids developed originally by Knap Hill Nursery, Ltd., and since worked on by several noted growers, including Major E. de Rothschild and Walter C. Slocock, Ltd. There is no doubt as to the superiority of the Knap Hill strain compared with the old Ghent and Mollis hybrids. Their colours are bright and infinitely varied, and the flower has greater length of trumpet and considerably more substance than the older types, with the result that they last in flower for weeks longer than do the older hybrids. There is, of course, one problem that might arise when three noted raisers are working on the same strain, and that is duplication or near duplication of varieties, and it will not be easy to discard where all are so good. But all three raisers are sending their varieties to the Wisley Trials and the R.H.S. awards will surely be accepted as the criterion of merit.

This was really the first time these varieties have been properly shown and the following were noted as singularly pleasing varieties:—Tinis, a combination of magenta and orange which might sound impossible, but is not; Harvest Moon, a clear primrose yellow; Seville,



RHODODENDRON YAKUSIMANUM FROM JAPAN EXHIBITED FOR FIRST TIME

century produced a reasonable supply of seed.

Rhododendrons were used to high-light a magnificent collection of primulas, lilies and meconopsis from the Society's Gardens at Wisley. The Japanese *R. Yakusimanum* was shown for the first time. It is a really delightful shrub of neat, bushy habit, and literally smothered itself with large trusses of campanulate flowers. The buds are a rich pink and open to a pink-flushed, white flower that pales with age. It may prove an interesting parent. A new primula shown for the first time was P. Thorpe Morieux hybrid. Obviously of pulverulenta persuasion, it is a bright cherry-cerise with a yellow eye.

There was not a great deal that was new in hardy plants, though most of the familiar exhibitors were there with exhibits which made up in colour anything they might have lacked in size. Some very good self colours were, however, noted among Messrs. Bakers's Russell lupins. There have been critics who have complained that too many of the Russell varieties are bi-colours. Introductions such as Canary Bird, a pure yellow; Heather Glow, a heather-purple self; and Fire Glow, a rich orange-salmon with a standard just very slightly deeper and yellow markings, will do much to refute that criticism. All of these varieties have, of course, the widely spread standard and superbly built spike which is the distinguishing hall-mark of the Russell varieties.

Two new hybrid lilies showed distinct promise. They were Violet M. Constable and Scotsman, the former with rich yellow, purple-spotted flowers, and the latter a very clear and vivid orange of perfect reflexed form. Both have outward facing flowers, but one dare not so much as hazard a guess at their parentage. So many hybrids of this type have been raised, and so many with unnamed seedlings for their parents or in their pedigrees, that there would seem little point in attempting to unravel the latter.

Tulips as in past years made great splashes of colour round the walls of the marquees, but there was nothing more brilliant than

Messrs. Robert Bolton and Sons' superb bank of sweet peas. The salmon-cerise Cynthia Davis, a new variety for this year's introduction that received highest honours at the Trials last year, was prominently featured. Mr. Bolton had also a new deep cream-pink in Vanguard.

Greenhouse plants, excepting orchids, were obviously not so prominent as they have been in previous years, though the Royal Botanic Gardens' contribution from Kew did much to dispel the idea that they were rather neglected. This was a magnificent collection of exotics, including the quaint Bird of Paradise flower, *Strelitzia parvifolia*, with its astonishing orange and deep-blue, crested flowers. But even in such luxuriance of colour there was nothing more delightful than the cool, pale green of the new fronds of the tropical fern, *Drynaria rigidula* var. *Whitei*. In the rather barbaric colour masses of the Chelsea marquee the eye turned with particular relief to its perfection of form and simplicity of colouring. L. R. Russell, Ltd., had among other choice things a well-flowered specimen of *Brugmansia Knightii*.

Orchid exhibits were, as always, numerous, with practically every plant a perfect specimen of its kind. Lack of space unfortunately prohibits more than mention of their presence.

The same might be said of the huge stands of superbly grown vegetables from Sutton and Sons, Ltd., and Toogood and Sons, Ltd., and the co-operative exhibit staged by members of the National Farmers' Union.



THE BIRD OF PARADISE FLOWER, STRELITZIA PARVIFOLIA

a glowing dark orange; and Persil, a very clear white with a light yellow blotch.

It was interesting after the very hard winter to see again fine specimens of *Tricuspidaria lanceolata* and *Embothrium coccineum*. The former, it is true, was brought by the Slieve Donard Nursery Co., from Co. Down, but the *embothrium* was finely shown by Sir Henry Price, of Wakehurst Place, Sussex. There has been a great deal of discussion on the relative hardiness of these and other shrubs. Many good gardeners have claimed that they have, or know of, really hardy forms, and in most cases there is irrefutable evidence to back their assertions. It would be a boon to all gardeners if these forms, after trial, could be named and propagated, for it is among the shrubs that are or have been considered on the border line of hardiness that many of the most spectacular forms are found.

There were, too, some extremely good specimens of *Davidia involucreata* on show. This is a most unusual tree. The creamy-white bracts surrounding the flower reach as much as six inches in length, and its appearance this year is good proof of its hardiness, though this is something which has never been seriously in doubt since Wilson's expedition at the beginning of this



SUTTON AND SONS' DISPLAY OF EARLY VEGETABLES

THE QUARRELSOMENESS OF RAVENS

Written and Illustrated by J. C. HARRISON

WHEN ravens are nesting they do not seem able to live at peace with their neighbours. Any of the larger predatory birds that have a nest within about a mile are usually attacked as soon as they take the air.

One of a pair of buzzards that had a nest on a hillside overlooking a burn on the Isle of Skye was soaring above it when a raven appeared flying straight for him, croaking furiously. As the raven came up the buzzard stooped, and the raven swerved to avoid his talons. The raven was then uppermost for a time. The birds circled round, each trying to rise above the other; the raven hurled himself in fury at the buzzard, but always missed. The sparring went on for some fifteen minutes, both birds calling loudly, the buzzard mewing and the raven croaking.

The raven appeared to do most of the attacking, whereas the buzzard just sideslipped to avoid him. I believe the raven exerted himself so much in those fifteen minutes that he became exhausted. The buzzard began to gain in height, and was well above the raven, when he half closed his wings, and stooped. The raven saw the game was up, and now apparently croaking in fright, he spread his wings and planed down, with the buzzard in pursuit. The accompanying drawings are from life and I did them at the time with the aid of a glass.



A CONTEST BETWEEN A RAVEN AND A BUZZARD. The raven swerves to avoid the buzzard's stoop; (below, left) raven and buzzard face each other with extended talons; (right) the raven planes down with the buzzard in pursuit

I remember a pair of ravens that had their nest on some rocks about a mile from a pair of nesting golden eagles. Often, when one of the eagles was in flight above its nest, a raven would be seen in hot pursuit from his quarter, making for the eagle. He would come up to, and mob the great bird furiously. The comparison in size between the two was then most marked; the raven appeared smaller than one wing of the eagle. The eagle seemed to treat the raven with contempt, turning over and exposing his talons occasionally when he came too close. I have seen both ravens worry an eagle to the extent that he was forced to take to the rocks to be rid of them. They would then leave him, but would return if he took to flight again too soon.

I was watching a peregrine in flight over one of the small islands off the west coast of Skye, when a raven appeared on the scene, but he was met by such an onslaught of stoops that he made straight for the rocks. The peregrine seemed to treat him as an object on which to practise his skill, and to delight in terrifying him without any apparent intent to kill. I doubt if that raven ever tried to attack a peregrine again.

Ravens usually nest on a ledge on precipitous cliffs overlooking the sea, or on a mountainside inland. They will sometimes make use of a eagle's deserted eyrie.



J.C. Harrison

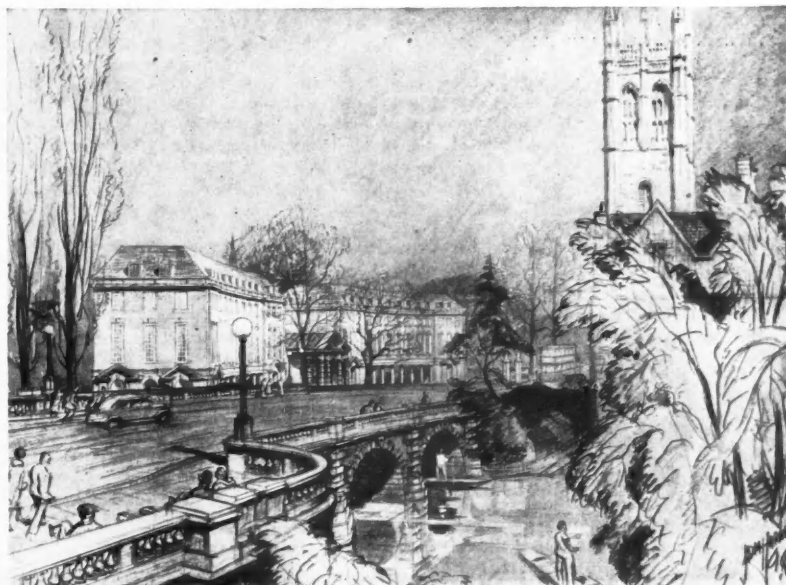
J.C. Harrison

"A BOLD EXCHANGE"

PROPOSED EXTENSIONS OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

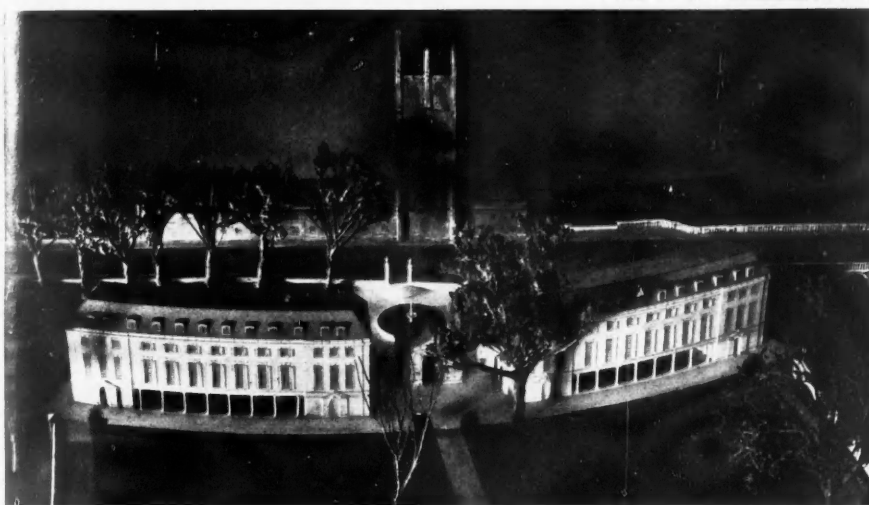
THE Botanic Garden at Oxford, founded by the Earl of Danby in 1621 and lying beside the Cherwell opposite Magdalen College, is the oldest botanic garden in Britain and one of the most historic and charming, if less well known, corners of Oxford. Scenically, its site is very important because, lying immediately to the left as one crosses Magdalen Bridge into the High, its having hitherto been a garden has ensured undisputed majesty to Magdalen Tower and so has set the key-note of "that glorious street." The entrance to the Garden, too, is by one of Oxford's major architectural treasures—Nicolas Stone's Baroque archway, built 1632-3—though this and the Garden have for some time been somewhat obscured by the undistinguished laboratory buildings adjoining it.

The news that in 1953 the University's lease of it ends, when it is expected that new laboratories for the Department of Botany will be ready in North Oxford and possession of the Garden will revert to Magdalen College, therefore has an important bearing on the whole character of the main entrance to Oxford. The more so since Magdalen College is considering the possibility of using part of the area for extension of the College buildings. This proposal, originating from an extreme shortage of various types of accommodation and the need for the College to utilise this extremely valuable property, will be critically studied by a very much larger circle of opinion than Magdalen men alone. Designs of the project made for the College authorities by Mr. Oliver Hill are now to be seen at the Royal Academy.



PROPOSED NEW BUILDINGS FOR
MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

(Left) A MODEL OF THE PROPOSED BUILDINGS SEEN FROM THE BOTANIC GARDEN



The conditions set by the College have been that the Nicolas Stone gateway is retained and the walled garden and mature trees are preserved. Mr. Hill's design provides two blocks linked together by the gateway and raised upon columns forming an open piazza through which the Garden would be visible from the High. The street curves somewhat at this point, running at an angle to the original front of the College. The Gateway is not parallel to either nor axial to the tower although nearly opposite to it. In siting the new buildings, therefore (more or less on that part of the area at present occupied by the laboratories), the architect has got over the problem of alignments by setting them on a concave curve, the plane of their façades slightly back from that of the Gateway, and by placing a circular pool before the Gateway with a vesica-shaped plot of garden between it and the street. The curve would very happily gloss over the irregularities of the site and provide a respectful frame for the Gateway, while retaining the sense of openness opposite Magdalen Tower on the west approach of the Bridge. It also enables the eastern range to present its end elevation squarely to the spectator crossing the Bridge.

In the elevation the architect has been equally sensitive to the relationships involved. The massive 17th-century Baroque of the Gateway had obviously to set the key, but in the new blocks this has been transposed into the minor and more feminine key of the mid-18th century, of which Oxford contains so many delightful examples. The idiom adopted is a modern rendering of the Georgian classic style which serves as such a successful foil to Gothic in so many colleges, at Worcester College in particular, for example. It is, certainly in this case, much more appropriate than the recent attempts at Cotswold vernacular in rustic masonry. The chief features of the design are the open ground floor, resembling the piazzas beneath several College libraries in both Universities; the lofty range of first-floor windows; and the use in the

solid ends of the fronts of arched alcoves under pediments echoing the pediments of the Gateway. The two blocks are linked to the Gateway by blank screen-walls sweeping up to cornice level in a bold curve which emphasises the curved plan. The uses of the new blocks are not at present determined; whether they would be occupied entirely by rooms, or partly by lecture rooms or an additional dining-hall. On the eventual decision, however, it must be remarked, the internal suitability of the very lofty first-floor windows will depend. In any case the solid ends of the ground floor will contain staircases and bathrooms.

The forecourt would be enclosed by iron railings and the possibility is envisaged of a tunnel under the High connecting the two parts of the College. This proposed southern addition would balance the Georgian "New Building" on the north side of the mediæval quadrangle, and it is interesting to notice that they share a common axis. The Botanic Garden buildings would harmonise satisfactorily with Magdalen Tower and Gwynn's Bridge. Nor is this design unworthy of the great aesthetic importance of their position at the entrance to historic Oxford. Where Wordsworth felt the soberness of reason overpowered by Oxford's spires and domes and towers, Fellows of Magdalen could not be charged with intemperate judgment if, "rushing on a bold exchange," they decide to effect this particular transformation of gardens and groves. C. H.



(Right) NICOLAS STONE'S GATEWAY, 1632, FRAMED
BY THE TWO BLOCKS

THE CUP AND THE LIP

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

THE result of the Walker Cup match was a sad disappointment, and it is no good saying it wasn't. Our hopes had soared high, and with one round to play they were still reasonably high; personally I would at that moment have compromised with Providence on a halved match, but I hoped that I was being pusillanimous. There was no reason to expect the almost complete disaster of the afternoon round. However, there it is, and it is a melancholy comfort that we have no excuses. Our Selectors had chosen a side that everyone agreed was our best; in fact, through the elaborate series of trials the side in the end almost picked itself. It was a good side but, as it turned out, it just was not quite good enough.

The Americans were very good, but their great strength lay in their power of lasting and of making a combined and sustained spurt. Twenty-four years ago when the match was first played at St. Andrews they turned an imminent defeat into a glorious victory by this capacity for a great final effort, and now they did it again. And not only on the last day but also on the first. At lunch-time on Friday everything in our garden seemed lovely. We had two out of the foursomes as good as won; we were in effect dormy on the day's play, and our other two couples were only a very little behind; we thought that at any rate one of them might win, and there would be a really substantial nest-egg of points against the next day's play. Those hopes were dashed, for both the American couples who were leading added to their leads, and the day's play ended all even. In the singles we were up in half the matches with a round to go, and again there were two quite small deficits that might, we thought, be turned into leads, but nothing of the sort happened or in fact ever looked likely to happen.

As Mr. Wethered, the captain of the Royal and Ancient, said at the dinner in the evening, the Americans have the gift of "putting the steam on" at the right moment. They put it on with a vengeance on that Saturday afternoon, especially round the "loop," from the 8th to the 11th holes. To give just two examples, Stranahan holed those four holes in 2, 3, 3, 3, while Marvin Ward in his match against Crawley had five consecutive threes from the 8th to the 12th. One and all they played like the devil unchained, and in this power of rising to the occasion they proved themselves worthy successors to the many fine American teams that have preceded them.

With the "walky-talky" perambulating the course news, good or bad, travels fast, and in that last round bad news came horribly soon. When we heard that Crawley had lost the whole of his priceless lead of three over Marvin Ward in the first four holes, I think a good many hearts sank, and already the end seemed foreshadowed. Crawley had played admirably in his foursome, which he had won, and his golf in the first 18 holes against Ward had likewise been a joy to witness: calm, powerful and accurate. To such a good player playing so well three holes ought to be a winning lead, and now it had all gone in the twinkling of an eye. Poor Crawley has had two severe experiences in these matches at St. Andrews. In 1938 he had a lead of four against Fischer after one round, and then in the afternoon Fischer did six threes in a row; this time he had a lead of three and Ward did five consecutive threes. But it must be pointed out that in both cases much of the mischief had been done before the avalanche of threes began. A bad start had given fatal encouragement to the man who was down, and these terrific spurts are never made without encouragement. It is so easy for the looker-on to criticise that one hesitates to rub it in, but this giving of inches does produce the taking of calamitous ell, and that is the obvious moral.

The Americans were the better side and, apart from this wonderful power of spurting, they were beyond all question the better putters. They were all very good putters indeed. They

did not to my mind look so easy and graceful on the green, as did some of their predecessors, such as Bobby Jones, Ouimet and Guilford, but their results were just as good. They attacked the hole more boldly than our men did, and they certainly missed fewer of those putts which the onlooker, who has not got to do it, calls "short." I cannot lay my finger on any particular point in their method; it was simply that the ball went more often into the hole, and they had none of those sudden lapses which the spectator censoriously describes as "taking three putts from nowhere."

The most cheering thing about the play in the singles was that our two lone victors were both young players whom we may have to count on for a good many years, J. B. Carr and R. J. White. They both played splendidly and did not grow frightened of their winning leads. Carr had some ugly moments to face in the second round of his match against the American champion, Bishop, for his lead of five had at one time uncomfortably diminished. He met the situation not by trying cautiously to hang on to what he had, but by attacking boldly and trying to add to it. Everybody was full of admiration for him, and he certainly is a player of immense possibilities. His style is not orthodox and the speed of his swing makes the hair of those brought up on "slow back" to stand on

end. There is a temptation to say that a player with such a method cannot last, but I very much distrust such prophecies. I have heard them made before about young players with superficially heterodox styles, and they have continued to flourish despite all the prophecies. White likewise played extremely well all through and if some of our putting was weak he putted admirably and inspires the greatest confidence in his holing out.

The best part of this match was the great friendliness between the two teams. They fraternised from the beginning, and it was a particularly happy and gracious thought of the Americans to ask their adversaries to dine a few days before the match and help consume some of the additional rations which they had brought with them. I heard stories of steaks large and luscious beyond belief, but it was not the steaks that mattered; it was the friendly spirit that inspired the dinner. There never could be two better ambassadors than our new friend, Mr. Charles Littlefield, the President of the U.S.G.A., and our very old friend, Mr. Francis Ouimet, the non-playing captain. Nor must I forget our non-playing captain, Mr. John Beck. He could not make his side win, but by his unfailing good humour he kept everybody cheerful and added to the friendliness of a great occasion.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CHESS-MEN

By SETON GORDON

IN the British Museum is a set of Norse chess-men of walrus ivory, dating, it is believed, from the 12th century. The history of these chess-men reads like a romance. I heard their story during a visit to Uig, a remote district of the Hebridean island of Lewis: it was narrated to me by one who had lived all his life in the district and who, in his boyhood, had often heard the tale.

The story begins a few years after the

bered, went up to the oarsman, evil thoughts in his mind. He found that he was a boy, and haltingly and partly by means of signs the lad explained that, disgusted by hard treatment on board the ship, he had taken the opportunity of running away and deserting. He said that he was about to cross the moors to Stornoway, of which port he had heard talk on board, and where he hoped to find a vessel on which he might sail back to his home in France. The



KING, BISHOP AND KNIGHT FROM A COLLECTION OF NORSE CHESS-MEN IN WALRUS IVORY BELIEVED TO DATE FROM THE 12th CENTURY. THE CHESS-MEN WERE UNEARTHED BY A COW ON THE ISLAND OF LEWIS IN 1831

"Forty-five," when a French vessel, her sails torn by Atlantic storms, limped into a lonely sea loch of Lewis, by name Loch Thalasaway, for repairs. From her, in the dusk of a late summer evening, a small boat cast off stealthily and a solitary figure rowed quietly ashore. The district, then as now, was thinly populated, but a herdsman on the hillside above the loch had seen the arrival of the strange ship and now watched the rowing-boat approach the shore and the figure land from her. This herdsman, the blackness of whose character is even now remem-

bered, asked him how he expected to pay for the sea passage: the boy, showing him a parcel, explained that he had there something of great value which would more than pay any expense he might incur. He confided that the parcel contained a set of ivory chess-men, which he had stolen from the captain of the ship.

The herdsman straightway decided on a plan to gain possession of the chess-men. He told the lad that the way to Stornoway was long and arduous; that it crossed bleak moors and wide bogs and swamps; that it was now too late

in the day to reach the port, but that he knew of a dry, stony recess on a near-by hill-side where they might pass the night in comparative comfort and that, early in the morning, they would continue on their journey. He added that he would take the lad to one who would give him the best of values for what he had in his parcel. This plan was adopted, and they started out. They found a shelter on a lonely hill-side not far from the loch, and while the lad slept the herd killed him and carried the parcel to his master, the tacksman of Uig, but at the last thought better of showing it to him, and contented himself by saying that a French ship was anchored in Loch Thalasaway across the hills, and that no time should be lost in organising an expedition to board her, rob the crew, and steal the cargo. The tacksman ordered the herd from his sight and he, rebuffed, took his parcel and buried it in the sand near the shore of Uig.

Soon afterwards the herd was in trouble. He attempted to rob a lady in Stornoway, was tried for his crime, and was sentenced to be hanged. As he mounted the scaffold, the clergyman asked him whether, in his last minutes on earth, he had a confession to make to clear his conscience. The herd then told how he had killed the French boy, and how he had hidden, in the sand at Uig, the chess-men which he had stolen from him. A search was made, but nothing was found, and in time hope of discovering the treasure was abandoned.

Nearly a century passed until, in the year 1831, a cow feeding on the dunes, in rubbing her head against the side of a sandy bank, exposed one of the chess-men. A search was made, and seventy-eight pieces were found. Eleven of them are in the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities in Edinburgh; the others are in the British Museum.

There is a strong tradition in Lewis of a race

of dwarfs that at one time lived on the island—one of their strongholds was the so-called Pigmies' Isle near the Butt of Lewis—and it is said that the man who found the first chess-man, perhaps that portraying a king or prelate, flew precipitately from the spot, thinking that he had stumbled upon one of the dwarfs of whose existence he had been told since infancy and which were reputed to be no larger than seagulls.

Some years ago, in a crevice among great boulders, a skeleton was found, roughly walled in by stones. The skull had been cleft by a heavy blow, and it was thought that this was the skeleton of the youthful sailor, killed at a time when he felt in his heart that his troubles were over, that he had made his escape from a life that he hated, and that he was now on his way, helped by a kind friend, to Stornoway, soon to see once more his native land of France.

CORRESPONDENCE

TRANSPLANTING OF SNAKES-HEADS

SIR,—Have any of your readers experience of the successful transplantation and establishment (in the wild) of those beautiful flowers, fritillaries or snakes-heads, the accompanying photograph of which was taken in Berkshire?

I was once told that very few transplantations succeed, but, according to my recollection of Druce's *Comital Flora* (unfortunately not to hand) the plant is not nearly so narrowly localised as most people imagine. And that prompts the thought that so delightful a flower might with advantage be more commonly known and appreciated.

Since Mr. Vernon Rendall's *Wild Flowers in Literature* does not mention the fritillary lines in the spring section of Miss Sackville-West's *The Land*, it may be worth suggesting that they, as well as the flowers that inspired them, deserve a wider currency. Their picturesque beauty can be appreciated without acceptance of the fanciful notion that the flowers themselves are "sullen" or "sulky," or that they are so suggestive of danger and captivity as to make anyone shrink.—J. D. U. WARD, Lamborough Hill, Abingdon, Berkshire.

NEST SAVED FROM A BONFIRE

SIR,—When a fairly large bonfire at the bottom of my garden was well alight one day recently, I noticed, well in the middle of it, a blackbird's nest with four eggs. This I removed and put in a near-by hedge.

That evening I was very pleased to find that the hen blackbird was sitting quite comfortably in her new quarters, and she has now hatched out her family.—DULCIE M. PROCTER, Newfields, Bay Horse, Lancaster.

A TIME-SAVING BLACKBIRD

SIR,—I have in the past often seen birds carrying home beakfuls of worms, but it had never occurred to me to wonder what was the procedure for collecting them.

One night recently, when I was looking out of the window, wishing it would stop raining, I saw the following performance. A cock blackbird was standing below in the herbaceous border. In his beak was a large worm held by the tail. Using the worm as a whip he whirled it round his head and lashed it against the stone kerb repeatedly until he had knocked it literally cold.

He then left it on the ground and dived into a delphinium, from which another worm was extracted and given the same rough treatment. He repeated this five times, hopping a foot or so between worms and leaving a trail of stunned victims behind along the border.



SNAKES-HEADS GROWING IN A BERKSHIRE WATER-MEADOW

See letter: Transplanting of Snakes-heads

Having reduced the sixth worm to a suitable condition, he then ran back and picked up each in turn, cramming them into his beak with obvious difficulty. He had rather forgotten where he had left the first one and did a couple of anxious turns round the nearest plants before he found it. One could almost hear him muttering to himself that he could have sworn there was one more.

His beak, however, was capable of no more and each time he tried to pick it up all the rest fell out. He seemed to become more and more cross and eventually he swallowed the sixth worm, arranged the remainder to his satisfaction and flew off to his dependants rather down by the bows.

The whole thing seemed to show a well-thought-out system of cutting down flying-hours to a minimum!—G. GARDNER, Quarry Garth, Windermere, Westmorland.

HAVE ANIMALS A SIXTH SENSE?

SIR,—Mr. Edward Wingfield in his letter in *COUNTRY LIFE* of April 25 suggests that the seals referred to in my letter of April 11 awoke because they either heard or smelt me. He suggests also that the Slavonian grebes asleep on the water of a loch heard or felt their approach to land.

I am afraid I did not make myself sufficiently clear, but I imagined that readers of my letter would have realised that I satisfied myself that neither smell nor hearing accounted for the awakening of the seals. I was standing absolutely still, and the wind (such light breeze as there was) was not blowing from me to the seals.

How could a Slavonian grebe swimming on the surface "feel" its approach to land with a depth of ten feet of water under it? Yet "feel" it the pair of birds did, without awakening, and for want of a better term, I put this down to a "sixth sense." I have no reason to alter my opinion.—SETON GORDON, Isle of Skye.

AN OVER-EAGER TERRIER

SIR,—I wonder if any of our readers can advise me about my dog? She is a year-old working terrier (both her parents were hunt terriers) and I cannot stop her hunting.

She is out all day (I live in the depths of the country) and comes home exhausted, and is as thin as a rake, yet sometimes too tired to eat. When she scents a rabbit she goes off like a streak and is deaf to all shouts and commands.

Is there anything I can do to cure her? I cannot bear to tie her up all the time.—URSULA DAVIS (Miss), How Caple Cottage, near Hereford.

AUSTRALIA'S WILD HORSES

SIR,—It was recently reported that brumbies, or wild horses, had multiplied during the war years to such an extent that they were over-running parts of South Australia and Queensland; that they had, in fact, become such a menace to the pastoralists that the authorities at Canberra had ordered their destruction. There is something romantic about wild horses, and it seems a pity that they have to be shot, or worse still, to be poisoned at the waterholes.

In the latter part of the last century and the early part of the present one, herds of brumbies used to roam the coast ranges of New South Wales.

They were also very numerous in the Weddin Ranges near Forbes, about 350 miles west of Sydney. Usually they ran in small herds from 10 to 30 head, each under the leadership of a single stallion. The settling of the country and the erection of fences, however, has led to a great decline in their number.

Even when run into stockyards with the help of "secret wings" (long strips of white calico tied to bushes and trees about 4 feet from the ground and set up in suitable places; the calico fluttering in the wind acts as a brake on the reckless galloping of the brum-

bies, and saves the stockmen's horses a tremendous amount of grueling work), they are almost impossible to tame and break in.

Brumbies for the most part are of little use, since they are often too much in-bred; occasionally, however, the herds are improved by the infusion of thoroughbred blood.

I can quote two such instances. The first concerns a magnificent chestnut stallion standing well upwards of 16 hands that was running with a herd of wild mares on the ranges east of Grafton (N.S.W.). It was a mystery how this horse got there, but he had evidently been foaled in the bush because there was not a sign of a brand on him. He was as wild as the ranges he roamed in. Some attempts were made to capture him, but they all ended in failure owing to the difficult nature of the country. Once, however, the stock-riders succeeded in cornering



THE VIOLIN WEATHER-VANE
AT GREAT PONTON

See letter: The Fiddler who made a Fortune

him at the sliprails of the stockyard, but he promptly laid back his ears and thundered down on one of them with open mouth. There is only one thing to do when a wild stallion standing 16 hands charges straight at you, and that is to get out of his way and let him have his freedom.

The second instance involves an Arab stallion that escaped from a travelling circus. Some teamsters hauling logs from the ranges were the first to report that they had seen a horse that looked like an Arab running with some mares. Later the circus owners claimed the horse as the one they had lost when camped on the road, and after they had offered a handsome reward for his capture, and all due preparations had been made, he was run into the stockyard and his freedom ended. The stockmen who took part in this round-up stated that it was the hardest ride they had ever had. Shortly after some foals that looked like half-Arab made their appearance in the ranges.—F. R. HAYES, 5, Durand Gardens, S.W.9.

HAND-SPINNING IN ITALY

SIR,—Apropos of Mr. Douglas Dickens's recent account of the primitive spinning wheels used in Switzerland, though spinning wheels were invented about two hundred years ago, in parts of Italy, as well as Switzerland, the country folk still find it profitable to hand-spin their own wool for blankets and clothes.

My photograph shows an old woman of the province of Abruzzi in Central Italy hand-spinning by the method that has not changed since Biblical days. Under her left arm she holds a distaff from which she draws the raw wool fibres while she twirls the weighted spindle between the fingers of her right hand, twisting the fibres into a thread of such strength and evenness of texture as is rarely surpassed even by the latest mass-production methods.

I am told that some of the farmers' wives of Shropshire are now beginning to glean the wool from hedgerow and fence for spinning into yarn for their own use.—H. R. LAWRENCE (CAPT.), 68, Northgate, Oakham, Rutland.

THE FIDDLER WHO MADE A FORTUNE

SIR,—The weather-vane on the fine church tower at Great Ponton, Lincolnshire, is of particular interest in that it takes the unusual shape of a violin. Many years ago a poor fiddler was always warmly welcomed by the villagers when he came round playing. Later he went to America and made a huge fortune, but never forgot his friends in England, and sent a large sum of money so that a tall church tower could be built. To keep the fiddler's memory green the villagers had the weather-vane made in the shape of a violin and set it on the highest point for all to see.—J. D. R., Darlington, Co. Durham.

THE MAY FESTIVAL

SIR,—May I add a comment on Mr. Whistler's charming article, *The May Festival*, published in *COUNTRY LIFE* of April 25?

Mr. Whistler says: "There are no ancient maypoles in existence." There are several "hereditary" ones (legitimate re-plantings as the former tenant of the ground rotted away) and all of the traditional English height; those at Ilmington (Warwickshire), at Welford-on-Avon (Gloucestershire) and at Barwick-in-Elmet (Yorkshire) are only three of the most famous.

The May Queen "revival" was owed to Ruskin far more than to Tennyson, though the union of the consort pair, May Lord and May Lady, in one virgin Queen Regnant may have been encouraged by Tennyson's poem. Ruskin initiated a May Queen ceremony at Whitelands College in the 1880s very similar to that performed by school-children at the present time; indeed, the modern practice almost certainly derives from it. It spread from Whitelands to the schools where Whitelands students taught (in at least one instance Ruskin himself was persuaded to preside) and included all the now familiar elements, the court, the coronation and, unluckily, the small maypole with its ribbon-plaiting dances so wrongly termed "Old

English" and so often, when performed by anxious little children, more like drill than rejoicing.

There is nothing "English" about this kind of maypole and the dances that accompany it. Both are well known in India (see *Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society*, 1946) and Europe, but there they are an adult ritual. The dwarfish performance that passes in England as traditional merry-making is only analogous to the reducing of the fairy people, of whom Pluto and Proserpina were King and Queen in Chaucer's time, to the gauzy midgets of the pantomime and toy-shop. Contemporary literature and pictures show clearly what the dance about the English maypole was like from before Elizabeth's time to the 19th century (including the period immediately following "Puritan destruction") and it in no way resembled the fancy ribbon-plaiting dances popularised from Whitelands and receiving official blessing round about 1910. But those who would like to see English traditions observed in an English way could adopt it without fear that it must necessarily induce woodland junketings and disastrous consequences.—MARGARET DEAN-SMITH, Librarian, English Folk Dance and Song Society, 2, Regent's Park Road, N.W.1.

PROTECTION FROM THE RAIN

SIR,—It is surprising that the sensible idea that our forefathers had of building covered walks under the houses in the busy streets of market towns has not been more widely followed in recent times, particularly since artificial lighting has met the main objection to such walks, namely that they make the recessed shop fronts unavoidably dark.

I believe that I am right in stating that when after the 1914 war it was



THE BUTTERWALK AT TOTNES, DEVON

See letter: Protection from the Rain

proposed to include successors to Nash's colonnades in the rebuilding scheme for the Quadrant in Regent Street they were abandoned in deference to the shopkeepers, who objected to them because their windows would be darkened, oblivious of the great advances made in artificial lighting since Victorian days and of the benefit that they were denying to their customers in a climate such as ours.

One of the best of the old walks is in the High Street at Totnes, Devon, where a long run of house fronts is carried on pillars, with delightful effect, as shown in the accompanying photograph, in spite of the steepness of the gradient. At Dartmouth there is another Butterwalk, possibly better known, and there are a few other similar survivals here and there.

My photograph incidentally shows the pleasant effect of slate-hanging, to be seen in several old towns in Devon and Cornwall.—CLIVE LAMBERT, London, S.W.1.

DID THE HANDICAPPER ERR?

SIR,—The photograph in *COUNTRY LIFE* of May 9 of an inn sign depicting Tom Pearce's grey mare carrying top weight seems to show that the artist has not given the mare her correct load. There are seven figures; should there not be an eighth, the borrower of the mare?

"For I want for to go to Widdicombe Fair, wi' Bill Brewer," etc.—W. E. CHAMBERLAIN, 23, Merriam Avenue, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

CAPTURE OF A GIANT RAY

SIR,—I think you may be interested in the enclosed description by my son, Courteney Crittenden, of Grey College, Bloemfontein, of the recent capture of a giant ray at Kidd's Beach, East London, South Africa:

"The very last day I was there a man caught a huge ray weighing over 200 lb. Practically the whole village was there by the time it was landed, which took about two hours."

"When I arrived the man had had it on about an hour. Sam and a few others were standing beside him more or less among the waves on the fringe of the rocks. Bolling (the man's name was then already more tired than the fish, which is a sort of huge skate, with a five-foot whip tail no thicker than your thumb, and a huge raised head as big as yours, with a long sort of snout with which I suppose it seeks its food (shell-fish). It has no fins, but it slides taper down to a sort of huge flipper. It moves rather like a sea out of water, and its tail whips about."

"Just before I arrived it had shown its tail out of water (like a bit of black seaweed curling up out of the waves).

(Continued on page 1023)



AN OLD WOMAN OF ABRUZZI, IN ITALY, SPINNING WOOL BY HAND

See letter: Hand-spinning in Italy

and so they knew it was a ray. Sam and others took a hand at heaving on the rod, a huge bamboo pole, quite impossible to break, as also was the line. They were giving the thing all the butt they could, since it did not move much but seemed to sit tight, with an occasional flap that took out a bit of line, nothing spectacular, but just a steady tug-of-war, that's all. It had begun about 5 p.m., and about 6.30 they began to work him on the reefs closer in, where the big rollers came surging and lashing over. When a big wave came they would all heave and get him a few feet nearer, and then when he got on a submerged reef his whip-tail would come curling up out of the welter, and the crowd would cheer. Of course, he kept going back to deeper water, but as he grew a bit tired they worked him back a little quicker each time.

"Then Sam took over for a spell and found there was a nice gully in which to try to draw him into the gaffs (tots), so when a big wave came he worked him into it, and this time managed to keep him in it, tail and all, with the crowd getting right on their toes now, of course, and giving plenty of encouragement. After a while Sam was able to walk up the gully towing the ray like a submerged barge, foot by foot within reach of the two gaffers, who, incidentally, were the clumsiest I have ever seen. But finally they managed to jab home, and then there were three to tow, and the thing was dragged up the gully and on to the rocks. It was far too heavy to lift, of course. The crowd got a proper fright then, it looked such an unearthly thing, flapping its great wings and swishing its tail about.

"However, it was all over now bar the shrieking, and then three cheers for the heroes. They all crowded in on the thing, so that it was almost impossible to get a photograph, though the place was, by this time, alive with cameras. Sam seemed to take charge, and proceeded to cut it up—quite an interesting performance. He is always a good hand at this job, and takes rather a pride always in cleaning and scaling his fish nicely. This was a big order, though. The first trophy was the tail, soon off; next the head, a very interesting affair—the mouth a pair of great plates, no teeth but just those two big flat millstones as hard as any stone I've seen. When you worked the jaws they came together with a resounding crack, an elegant pair of nut-crackers. The beast's food is shell-fish, and even the toughest limpet or hermit crab or whelk has got to crack up between those two millstones. There are great muscles to work them, huge lumps of red meat surrounding the head.



THE GREAT COPPER BOWL IN
FRENTHAM CHURCH, SURREY
See letter: The Witches' Cauldron



AN ATTRACTIVE FACADE AT CHIPPING CAMPDEN,
GLOUCESTERSHIRE

See letter: Bow-fronted Windows

"Sam cut off pounds and pounds of this beefy-looking stuff until finally the skull was more or less cleared of it, and he told Bolling to boil it and get it all clean for keeping. Bolling, by the way, was a very powerful young chap, about 30. He tried to lift the ray, but couldn't begin to, though he is used to picking up bags of cement weighing 188 lb. There were no scales, so we don't know whether the thing weighed 200, 250, or 300 lb., but it was a lot more than a bag of cement, at all events. Its stomach was full of shell-fish, no shells to speak of, just the whelks, etc.

"The oddest thing was that although all round the head was this mass of red meat (like a whale's or a porpoise's, Sam said), the rest of the fish was ordinary white fish meat. Sam took home some of each, and we had it for breakfast. The steak was like steak, very tender and juicy, while the rest of the fish was ordinary fish meat, both very good though, the steak best of all. Altogether a weird but very eatable fish. I suppose there was more meat on it than on many a pig."—ERNEST H. CRITTENDEN (Major), Wollaston Lodge, near Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

THE WITCHES' CAULDRON

SIR,—In the 14th-century church at Frentham, Surrey, is preserved a huge copper urn, nine feet in circumference and a foot deep inside, standing on three legs and 400 years old. Its origin is wrapped in mystery, but here are three tales told.

The first is that it once belonged to Mother Ludlam, a famous witch who lived in a cave in the sandstone cliff that is now enclosed in Moor Park some miles away. It is said that she was wont to brew her spells and philtres in it, but when it was stolen she lost her power and it was placed in the church to prevent further mischief.

According to another local legend it belonged to the "little people" or fairies, who, if the great stone still lying two miles from the church was tapped upon, would lend their cauldron to bring good luck to the borrowers, on condition that they returned

it within a certain time. One couple, however, failed to restore it to its owners, who thereupon deserted those parts, and the luck they had brought to the district vanished with them.

An 18th-century writer's observation on this cauldron is more matter-of-fact. He says that it was filled with ale to entertain the villagers "at the wedding of poor maids."—R. W., Bristol.

A HEDGEHOG'S LITTER

SIR,—I thought you might be interested to see the enclosed photograph of a hedgehog and her piglets. It was taken in the churchyard of St. Mark's Woodcote church at Purley, Surrey.—E. A. SHATTOCK (REV.), *The Vicarage, Dormansland, Lingfield, Surrey.*

LINK WITH GLAMIS CASTLE

SIR,—In the excellent article on Glamis Castle in your issue of May 9, the writer refers to James V, his wife (Mary of Guise) and Mary Queen of Scots, his daughter, visiting Glamis Castle and spending a considerable proportion of their time there.

Actually, Mary was born on December 7, or 8, 1542, and her father died on December 14 without ever seeing her. On March 13, 1542-3, the forfeiture of the Glamis estates, which had been annexed to the Crown on December 3, 1540, was rescinded, and John Lyon, seventh Lord Glamis, was restored to his titles and estates.—EDMUND NICHOLLS, 4, Crane Court, London, E.C.4.

A LOST ORGAN

SIR,—Apropos of recent correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE about the transferring of church furniture, Kilkhampton, in Cornwall, is not the only church claiming to possess the historic organ from Westminster Abbey over which Purcell, Blow and Croft successively presided. A similar claim is made by the parish church of Tyne-mouth, Northumberland, and an Independent Chapel at Barnsbury, London.

This uncertainty is regrettable, for the lost organ was without doubt one of the most interesting in the country. Built, probably in the early 17th century, by Dallam, damaged during the Civil Wars, twice re-built (once under Purcell's direction) by "Father" Bernard Smith, it survived until George II presented the Abbey with a new organ to be used at his coronation, famous for having inspired Handel's anthem *Zadok the Priest*.

The responsibility for having

removed this historic organ belongs to "Father" Smith's own son-in-law, Christopher Schrider. Except for a rank of stopped diapason pipes bearing the name of Smith which survive to this day, the instrument built between 1727 and 1730 was a new one. It had a striking Renaissance case, unhappily destroyed by the goths of the 19th century. That Schrider's work gave satisfaction is suggested by his epitaph:

*Here rests the musical Kit Schrider
Who organs built when he did hide
here;
With nicest Ear he tun'd 'em up;
But Death has put the cruel Stop;
Though Breath to others he conveyed
Breathless alas! himself is layd.
May he who us such Keys has
giv'n
Meet with St. Peter's Keys of
Heav'n!*

—DAVID C. RUTTER, *Exeter College, Oxford.*

BOW-FRONTED WINDOWS

SIR,—With reference to recent correspondence about bow-fronted windows, I thought you might care to see the enclosed photograph of one in the main street of Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire, with the attractive stone door frame beside it.—M. W., Hereford.

IN PRAISE OF MULES

SIR,—With reference to recent correspondence about mules, I, too, can and would much like to pay a whole-hearted tribute to those grand animals, the great mules of South America, which served us so faithfully in Macedonia during the Great War. During the years 1915-1919 I was on the Movement Control Staff of the British



A HEDGEHOG AND HER
PIGLETS

See letter: A Hedgehog's Litter

Salonika Force and disembarked many thousands of them.

The hinterland of Salonika, on which town the armies were based, was rough, barren, wild country, and so from rail and motor transport head mule convoys were the connecting link from termini to front-line troops. For this last link the only possible means of transport was by mule. For this we had no fewer than 20,000 of them.

No animal pays for grooming and petting more than a mule, and, although they came to us unbroken and rough, they soon became "perfect pictures" with coats like velvet. A British gun team of big mules is a fine sight. I first saw them in the South African War, 1899-1902.

It is, perhaps, the humour and the great heart of the animal that endear him to all who tend him. True, he can kick and does, but we forgive him.—A. G. WADE (Major), *Ash Cottage, Bentley, Hampshire.*

Polo in Germany.—The School of Artillery, B.A.O.R., which has been made the polo centre for the British Zone of Germany, is badly in need of equipment, such as boots for the ponies, polo breeches (any size), sticks, balls, hats, etc. Any reader who may be willing to sell any of these items should get in touch with me.—J. EWENS (Major), *Secretary, School of Artillery Polo Club, School of Artillery, B.A.O.R.*

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NEW BOOKS

SIDE-LIGHTS ON 1939 SOCIETY

Reviews by **HOWARD SPRING**

I THINK a novelist—or anyone else—can be too allusive; and I think Miss Storm Jameson is too allusive in her new novel *Before the Crossing* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.). It is a novel that commands our respect, but not our admiration, and certainly not our affection.

For a long time Miss Jameson, when writing novels, has been moving farther and farther from simple statement. One knows why this is so, and that is why one looks upon her work with respect. It is because she is more and more deeply disturbed by the world about her, more and more unsatisfied that the narrative novel is a good medium for expressing what she thinks and feels about it. So much is clear. Her work thus tends to take on a

angel David Renn. Renn was a novelist of no great account, and he died in his spare time as a police spy. When his friend Henry Smith was murdered, he undertook the private investigation of the crime.

This investigation is the matter of the book. The time at which it takes place is significant: international affairs are boiling up to the outbreak of 1939. We are given a section of society on the eve of this tragical crossing. It may fairly be objected that it is too narrow a section to be representative. Fascist financiers and their thugs, a nymphomaniac woman of ancient lineage gone to seed—no, not to seed: that would imply resurrection: gone rather to, and over, the final precipice; a scientist

BEFORE THE CROSSING. By Storm Jameson
(Macmillan, 8s. 6d.)

THE LEAVES RETURN. By E. L. Grant Watson
(COUNTRY LIFE, 12s. 6d.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM COBBETT.

Edited by William Reitzel
(Faber, 8s. 6d.)

RICHARD JEFFERIES. Edited by Henry Williamson
(Faber, 8s. 6d.)

quality of parable, without, alas, arriving at a parable's pre-eminent quality: a clarity beyond misinterpretation. All the great parables are crystal-clear. We tend, on the other hand, when reading Miss Jameson's later novels, to see through a glass darkly. We are reduced to guessing what she means; and that is why reviewing this present book is difficult: my interpretation may be the wrong one.

HIDDEN GUILT

Mr. E. L. Grant Watson, in *The Leaves Return* (COUNTRY LIFE, 12s. 6d.), a book about which I shall say more in a moment, has this phrase: "Let us not foster any illusion-provoking hopes while the bombs of retribution rain down on Europe, and the hidden guilts in our own hearts find themselves in the guilt of others." I have put some of these words into italics, because I think that the words so marked tell us what Miss Jameson is "getting at." If I am right, if this is the "message" of her story—and I don't think she would scorn, as some novelists would, the notion of presenting a message—then it has all been said before in three words: "Physician, heal thyself." As simple as that. As someone says in the novel: "Society is as rotten as you, as greedy as I am." And, as Renn reflects at the end of the story, none of the "confident gushing novelists," none of the "intellectuals distinguished and absurd," none of the "leaders crowning themselves with thorns in front of the loudspeaker," has ever told a man what he really needs to believe in—that is "himself, after which he may, perhaps, give the age what it needs."

So there it is. "Look homeward, angel," is applied to the avenging

who has sold himself to destruction; chattering and meaningless "intellectuals," wealthy women always "in the swim," lurking among their treasures in their newly built dug-outs: it is among people of this sort that we move, and we are led to feel how much their empty, meaningless, or openly anti-social lives contribute to the slide to destruction.

In the same way, when Renn at last runs down the murderer of Henry Smith, he finds as small satisfaction as any honest soul would have found in running down Hitler as the murderer of Europe. In Mr. Grant Watson's fine phrase, the hidden guilt in his own heart found itself in the guilt of the infamous Captain Hunt. I can only repeat here that I think it a pity that a writer with so much to give should give it so darkly.

A TENDER INCIDENT

Let us take one instance of what I mean. Young Arnold Coster, an Oxford undergraduate, alone in his parents' house, hears a child crying in a bedroom next door. From his balcony he leaps to hers and comforts her as she lies in bed. It is a strange tender incident, and it is repeated several times. They meet always in the dark; they hardly see one another's faces; finally, he does not even notice the small hand that waves good-bye to him from a taxi laden with trunks going by in a London street. What does this incident mean? And what is the significance of Arnold's giddy sense of flying as he leaps from one balcony to another? It seemed to me, pondering upon it, that this was all youth had to offer to Arnold of the things that should have been his in a finer world: this ghostly touch of

comradeship, and then a hand, unseen, waving good-bye. In that I read Arnold's death-sentence, and the significance of his "instant of giddiness" as he flew seemed fatally clear. But here, again, perhaps I am wrong.

COW THAT SEES GHOSTS

Mr. Grant Watson's book, the more treasurable because it is illustrated by Mr. C. F. Tunnicliffe, is a book of small pieces about country life and country ways, centred mainly on his own small farm in Devon. It is the book of a humanist, a man who feels a real affinity with the trees and the soil and the creatures that inhabit them. He has a feeling even for hens, and when he protested that a hen in a "battery" does not have much of a life, and was asked: "What life do you expect a hen to have?" he replied, reasonably: "The life of a hen." I can bear him out in his view that "the methods of pure science," applied to poultry-breeding, can be anything but satisfactory. I decided last month to be impatient, not to wait for normal hatching, but to put week-old chicks under one of my old broody hens. I went to a "hatchery" to buy them and was shown the wonders thereof. There were vast metal receptacles, each containing thousands of eggs, and furnished with levers so that all the eggs could be turned over at a touch. There were "hoovers" filled with the cheeping of thousands of chicks, and everything had the bright metallic aseptic feel and look of a sanatorium. But the sad upshot was that of 17 chicks only six were living a fortnight later, and I think with sorrow of the old unscientific hen trailing home from a "stolen" nest with a dozen youngsters behind her.

I feel pretty sure, too, that Mr. Grant Watson is right when he says of one of his cows that she "sees ghosts." What these "ghosts" are I do not know; but I do know this: that I have seen the most sensitive of my many cats often stop and stare and bristle horribly in a full summer noon when there was nothing whatever for my eye to discern.

It is a great pleasure to stroll through the countryside with this author who has a fine feeling of piety for immemorial ways of life, undisfigured by any of those sentimental blotches that are apt to come into the work of townsmen "retired" to the country.

FROM PLOUGH TO PARLIAMENT

Two books from Faber are *The Autobiography of William Cobbett*, edited by William Reitzel (8s. 6d.) and *Richard Jefferies* (8s. 6d.), which is a selection made from his books by Henry Williamson, who joins the pieces together with his own observa-

tions. The Cobbett book is a reprint of one published in 1933 under the title *The Progress of a Ploughboy to a Seat in Parliament*. That was the title that Cobbett himself intended to use. He even got so far as to decide on a frontispiece which "shall represent me first in a smock-frock, driving the rooks from the corn; and in the lower compartment of the picture, standing in the House of Commons, addressing the Speaker." Cobbett never carried out his intention of writing this particular book, but in his many writings is ample matter by which another could carry it out. This Mr. Reitzel has admirably done, joining together the bits and pieces that give us Cobbett's story in Cobbett's words.

JEFFERIES'S WORKS

Mr. Williamson, too, has done a good job in extracting the pith of Jefferies's many works. He comes to his task as a devotee with few if any doubts, finding that "the affinity of Jefferies with Jesus of Nazareth is patent in nearly all his work." It is, to me, difficult to follow the reasoning that completes the trinity with Adolf Hitler. Mr. Williamson writes: "Literary criticism of a future age will discover many similarities in these two men" (Hitler and Jefferies). . . . "Both were prophets crying, and perishing, in the industrial wilderness of the gold-god civilisation."

For myself, I think we need to understand the differences rather than the similarities between the physical power mania of a dictator and the spiritual power mania of a poet. But this is a divagation. The thing is that here Mr. Williamson has collected a representative cross-section of work which will make Jefferies known, in his varied aspects, to those who care to know him.

RIDING RECORD

A WELL-PRODUCED, well-assembled record of the riding year: *The Horseman's Year, 1946-1947*, edited by W. E. Lyon (Collins, 10s. 6d.), contains authoritative, well-written articles by such people as the Duke of Beaufort, A. H. Higginson, Sir Alfred Munnings, Sacheverell Sitwell, Lionel Dawson, James Agate, J. E. Hance and the editor himself. Tabulated results of the year's showing and racing and excellent photographs make up an extraordinarily attractive mixture, to be repeated annually.

Two interesting side-lights on modern times are the difficulties of the small breeder in Ireland against the tendency of large breeders and stallion-owners to combine and keep up prices, given by F. E. Fetherstonhaugh in *The Horse Situation in Ireland*, and the advent of the flying horse, described by E. Colston Shepherd in *The Prospects of Air Transport for Horses*. Altogether this is very good value. C. E. G. H.

IN AN ALASSIO GARDEN

WHERE wistaria bends, over the fence again
Dripping its blue sweet rain,
Here the wild black bee, breathing in music, brings
Murmur of other springs.

Priest and peasant youth going from Moglio down
To the small wave-lapped town,
How the sense of spring burdens the sweet-on-sweet
Eloquent airs they meet!

Here—where wreaths of wild beauty a yellow rose
Through the tressed silver throws—
Light on rippling light, quick silver April seas
Shine in the olive trees.

But where terraced hills close in the west ascend
Bloom and dark shadow blend,
And a haze of dream lies where their hollows hold
Cypress, and dust of gold.

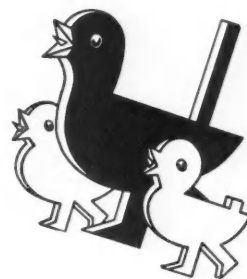
Here the red rose glows live like a light where light
Jewels upon the sight,
Where the mountain bell piercingly sweet is heard
—Oh, or a sudden bird!

Here, where April plays, here where her laughter sprays
Nectar and light and wings,
Here, oh, here my heart, murmur of other springs
The wild black bee brings.

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BIRD'S CUSTARD

*Best known -
best liked*



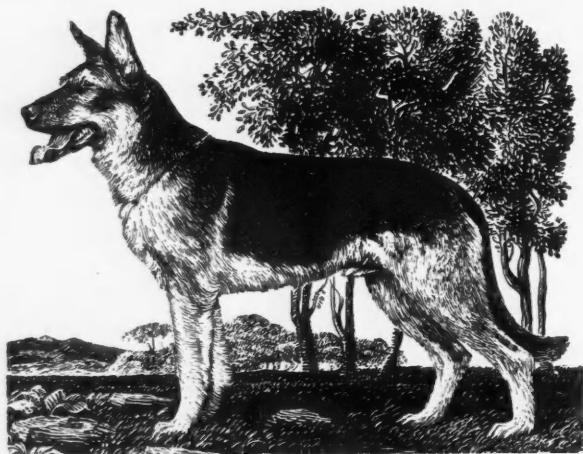
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Hairstyle by Henri

* longer lasting waves

Othermo
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FARMING NOTES

CROP PROSPECTS

LATE-SOWN oats and barley have come on well since the sun warmed the ground, and there is a fair plant established almost everywhere. The delays in sowing should not cost farmers dear in yields where the ground had been ploughed before the winter frosts, but I am afraid that root development and consequently yields may be disappointing where the ground had to be worked in a hurry and there was too little fine tilth to give the seed corn a kindly bed. Where grass and clover seeds were sown at the same time as the spring corn in a poor tilth it will be a miracle if a strong plant appears in the stubble at harvest. I know that many farmers determined that they must get more grass and clover seeds established this season to make long leys, and they have taken risks in the face of Nature's waywardness. Their gamble may come off, but on the clay soils that were ploughed late and did not work down kindly it would probably have been safer to wait until after harvest to sow seeds for a ley. Two weeks ago one of my neighbours was still waiting for Scotch seed potatoes. Mid-May is too late by all normal standards for potato planting and I fancy the Agricultural Executive Committee will be missing ten acres from their district quota. There are limits to the reasonableness of carrying out cropping directions, and I cannot see any bench of magistrates convicting a farmer for disobeying an order if, through no fault of his, the seed potatoes he ordered before Christmas did not arrive until a full month after the normal planting date.

Call-up

ABOUT 110,000 young men, farmers' sons and farm-workers, must have welcomed the announcement that the deferment of their call-up for military service has now been made into permanent exemption. Similarly, those who reach the age of eighteen before the end of 1948 and are working in the main agricultural occupations will also be permanently exempt from military service. It is only those reaching eighteen in 1949 and thereafter who will be called up to do their twelve months of compulsory service. It seems from what the Minister of Labour has said that some deferments may still be granted after then, but only in exceptional cases. Claims have been advanced on agriculture's behalf that food production is a service just as vital as coal-mining and that the young man who drives a tractor should be exempt from military service in just the same way as the miner working at the coal face will be exempt. But I am not at all sure that agriculture will not gain more than she loses by accepting for her young men the same obligations of military service as those that rule generally in every other walk of life except coal-mining. I know that many of the young farm-workers who were not called to the Army during the war felt under some kind of stigma. Peace-time service is different from fighting and the eighteen-year-olds may not be so keen to serve when their turn comes in 1949, but the labour shortage in agriculture will indeed be acute if we cannot spare the annual crop of about 13,000 lads to do twelve months' training in the services.

Lord Bledisloe

CONGRATULATIONS to Lord Bledisloe on the honour which the Royal Agricultural Society of England is conferring on him in recognition of his services to agriculture and the Society! The R.A.S.E. gold medal is a cherished award and it is not conferred lightly. For many years before Lord Bledisloe became the Society's President in 1946 he had devoted

himself to agriculture's interests in the House of Commons and later in the Dominions. He was an outstanding success as Governor-General of New Zealand and when he returned on a good-will mission earlier this year he and Lady Bledisloe received the warmest welcome in New Zealand and Australia. Rarely indeed has a Governor-General of one of the Dominions had such an intimate connection with farming and been able to show such genuine interest in the affairs of the people who live by the land.

Milk Distribution

CONSUMERS are to be allowed to change their dairymen if they want to buy pasteurised milk or T.T. milk instead of just milk. This is one of the recommendations of the Lucas Committee on Milk Distribution which the Minister of Food has promised to put into effect immediately. But the rationalisation of the delivery system is to continue. The consumer will still only be able to buy milk from one particular distributor who serves the district unless he cannot supply the grade that the consumer prefers. This new concession to freedom of choice has practical limitations, especially in country districts, where all too few farmers are prepared to undertake retail distribution. It may be that the housewife with young children would prefer to buy T.T. milk, but if the local producer-retailer does not aspire to this designation she will still have to be content with the milk he supplies. I wish that every producer-retailer would quickly attain the T.T. standard. A forward move towards the universal tuberculin-testing of herds supplying milk direct to consumers is the best insurance against the imposition of compulsory pasteurisation, which would force the trade into the hands of the co-operative societies and other big town distributors.

Forthright Canadians

MOST outspoken of the farmer delegates at the conference of the International Federation of Agricultural Producers have been the Canadians. They are bitterly disappointed that the London Wheat Conference was frustrated in its purpose of reaching a commodity agreement on the future prices and markets for wheat. They see in commodity agreements for wheat and the other main agricultural products the best approach to building a trade pattern on a negotiated and co-operative basis that will protect producers and consumers alike. At the Hague the Canadians have been doing their utmost to reinforce the idea of a World Food Council to carry out effectively the ideal of "freedom from want," about which so much has been heard since the Hot Springs Conference in 1943. It is true enough, as the Canadians say, that unless F.A.O. (the United Nations organisation) can get down to practical realities at its conference at Geneva in August it may as well be announced publicly that the marriage between agriculture and nutrition will not now take place.

Grass for Pigs

IS it safe to feed grass cuttings to pigs? My answer to this question from Buckinghamshire is:—"Yes, within moderation." Feed the lawn mowings mixed with meal as a fairly thick porridge, and the pigs will enjoy the mixture and no harm will come to them. Lawn mowings can be dried for feeding the pigs, or indeed poultry, later on in the year, but the drying must be thorough. The best way is to spread the short grass out thinly in the sun and then put it under cover to dry out before it is bulked in a sack.

CINCINNATUS.

ESTATE MARKET

SALE OF WILTON PROPERTIES

THE Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery and Lord Herbert and their trustees, having decided to dispose of 3,282 acres of the outlying portions of the Wilton estate, in Wiltshire, arranged with Messrs. Woolley and Wallis to offer the land by auction in Salisbury. It proved unnecessary to hold an auction, however, since the Marquess of Bergavenny made an acceptable private offer. He intends to carry on the property as it has heretofore been managed, and the purchase is as an investment.

There are five large farms, each of which has a first-rate residence. The tenancies are yearly, and the land lies in a ring fence and extends from the Ebbel valley up to the neighbouring ridges. The Ebbel, a chalk stream, affords good fishing for trout. In one important respect this, the Bishopstone and Broadchalke section of the Wilton estate, is exceptionally favoured, for it has over 50 cottages. If a similar proportion were available elsewhere, less would be heard of the rural worker's discontent with his housing conditions. Messrs. Strutt and Parker were the agents for the Marquess of Bergavenny in the purchase.

SURREY MOOR PARK FOR SALE

THERE are two Moor Parks, one near Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire, and the other on the outskirts of Egham, Surrey. The latter estate, noted for its association with Sir William Temple and Dean Swift and "Stella," has an Adam mansion, and the land is intersected by the River Wey. The property will be submitted early next month by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., and Messrs. Eggar and Co.

Sir William Temple, writer and diplomatist, died at the Surrey Moor Park in the year 1699, and before he was buried in Westminster Abbey his heart was taken out and interred under a sundial in the park. Swift, Temple's secretary for many years, met "Stella" at Moor Park, and there wrote *Battle of the Books* and *A Tale of a Tub*.

WAVERLEY ABBEY, SURREY

WAVERLEY ABBEY, another notable Surrey estate, for sale by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., lies along the River Wey, and includes the ruins of the first Cistercian establishment in England. It is commonly thought, though often disputed, that Sir Walter Scott called his first novel after the Surrey Abbey. Aubrey wrote that "Waverley Abbey is in as romantick a place as most I have seen."

Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, founded the Abbey for 12 Normandy monks in the year 1128. It rapidly grew in importance and within little more than half a century 70 monks and 120 lay brethren were living there. Their chief source of livelihood was pastoral, and they contributed a great quantity of wool, their principal possession, towards the ransom of Richard Coeur de Lion. Financially, Waverley was hard put to it, but it managed to entertain two or three kings, and the buildings were richly ornamented and exhibited some fine stained glass including (as Aubrey records) drawings of St. Dunstan holding the devil by the nose with his tongs. The decay of the buildings was hastened by ruthless seizure of stonework for private use in the neighbourhood.

To Waverley, Cobbett took his son to show him where he had, while employed as a gardener's boy, been sent to pick strawberries, the best of which he confessed he himself ate.

There is a Georgian mansion on the Waverley estate. Messrs. Eggar and Co., are the joint agents.

SALE OF DANBURY PARK, CHELMSFORD

ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL has bought Brigadier-General J. T. Wigan's estate of over 280 acres, near Chelmsford, Essex, known as Danbury Park. The joint agents were Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Strutt and Parker. The house replaced in 1831 one built in 1559. By a curious ecclesiastical arrangement it came into use in 1845 for some years for the See of Rochester, and was during that time called Danbury Palace.

RURAL RESIDENTIAL FREEHOLDS

ST. CLERE'S HALL, four miles from Clacton-on-Sea, Essex, is a house with a long history, and it has been mentioned in the Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments in Essex. At one time it was described as a moated farm-house, but it is now of more importance residentially owing to modernisation, and there are 40 acres of land. The property is one of about twenty that have just been disposed of by Harrods Estate Offices.

Details prepared by Mr. Frank D. James, the manager of the Offices, relate to freeholds such as Vernons House, near Potters Bar, Middlesex, and Little Heath Corner, near Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, as well as Stoke House and 60 acres, near Bletchley, Buckinghamshire, and the prices realised range up to £12,500, and in some cases a great deal more.

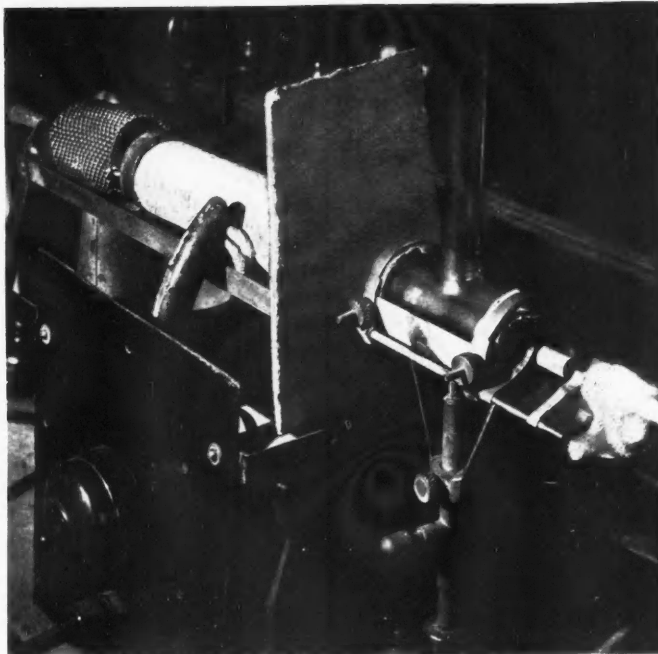
Stoke House, was once a hunting-box of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. In 1876 £15,000 was spent in improving the property, and 20 years ago a further large expenditure was made for a like purpose. Judging from the average of the purchase money of most of the freeholds it would seem that prospective buyers of a good type of house, even with only a small area of garden, must be ready to pay from £5,000 up to thrice as much. One house in five acres, The Lodge, Chipstead, Surrey, close to Walton Heath golf course, is partly of mediaeval origin and contains panelling from a famous old mansion.

NEWMARKET STUD FARMS FOR SALE

MR. NORMAN J. HODGKINSON expects, unless an acceptable bid is made in advance, to hold an auction shortly of three stud farms at Newmarket—Upper and Lower Compton of 58 acres apiece and Hadrian, 57 acres, a total of 173 acres of freehold and tithe-free land, with possession. Mrs. F. M. Broomfield is the vendor. These farms were laid out and equipped by the late Sir Alec Black, Bt., less than 20 years ago for the purpose of bloodstock rearing. The property has a frontage of three-quarters of a mile to Wood Ditton road, but a double line of plantations shelters it from the road. The buildings on the 19 paddocks are substantial and in good order, and the fences are exceptionally strong. Properties of this kind seldom come into the market nowadays.

Aston Park Stud Farm, 138 acres, in Oxfordshire, at Aston Rowant, has been sold to Major A. E. Allnatt, by Mr. William Barnett's executors, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who have also sold The Hall, Wendover, Buckinghamshire, Colonel A. K. Hamilton's property of 168 acres, including the modernised Georgian house and stud and farm premises.

ARBITER.



Trial by Fire

Give him a bag of coke, a bucket of water, and the necessary apparatus, and the chemist can build up thousands of different substances—from alcohol and 'meta fuel' to aspirin, motor spirit and food fats. Add a bottle of ammonia and he can turn out thousands more. To perform this modern magic he needs to know not merely what elements make up the substance he wants to prepare, but how much of each it contains. The majority of known chemicals contain carbon and hydrogen, usually oxygen, and frequently nitrogen. The chemist uses the combustion tube, illustrated above, to find out the proportions of these. A few milligrams of the substance are enough (and there are over twenty-eight thousand milligrams in a single ounce). These are strongly heated in a current of air or oxygen. As the substance burns, the carbon in it is converted into carbon dioxide gas, and the hydrogen into steam. These products are collected in weighed parts of the apparatus, and from the amounts formed the chemist can calculate the composition of the original substance. A simple experiment—yet it demands refined, reliable apparatus. Data provided by it lie at the root of modern progress in biochemistry, chemotherapy, dyeing, waterproofing, nutritional and agricultural chemistry, photography, and many other aspects of civilised life. Every working day throughout the year hundreds of combustion tubes are giving the result of this trial by fire which enables the British chemical industry to serve the nation.



Tennis Kit



A plain white wool taffeta shirt with white woollen worsted shorts that have a pleated apron front. Jaeger

(Left) White piqué tennis frock buttoning down the front with a low square neck. Horrockses Crewdson



(Left) Red flannel waistcoat and bone buttons over a shark-skin open-necked shirt with sleeves slit to the shoulder. The shorts box-pleated, and an oyster-coloured hopsack coat lined with scarlet. Lillywhites

IT is pleasant to see sports clothes in the shops once more, for they are full of ideas as usual. English women have always inspired the fashions for sports, and the tennis outfits designed for this summer keep up the high standard of pre-war days. They are well cut, show off some of the new fabrics admirably and contain any number of novelties. There are only a few of them at present, and tennis shoes are like gold, but the designers are fertile with ideas.

Two-pieces of shorts or skirts with shirts or sweaters outnumber the one-piece dresses. With coupons to reckon with, women find that a garment that is not tied down absolutely to one occasion but can be used for everyday wear as well is a more practicable proposition. On the whole, dresses, shorts and divided skirts barely skim the knees. Sometimes the shorts are very brief, mere trunks; more often they are a bit longer and cut with pleats so that they hang easily when playing. Some of the gored skirts in fine wool just cover the knees, and slacks in flannel, linen and heavy rayon are still being shown for tennis. But it is the outfit of short-sleeved shirt and pleated shorts that is the winning number, and it is made in wool, linen, rayon or cotton. When they are in fine, smooth weaves, the worsteds, flannels, linens and ducks, the shorts are pleated so that they hang almost like a skirt. In thicker woollens, they are tailored as slickly as a man's or resemble short trunks.

Jaeger make worsted shorts with a pleated apron front, a novel idea that is helpful for a difficult figure, trim and slim; the shirt that goes with it is in wool taffeta—a closely-woven material that washes well. Jantzen are making up pleated shorts and an excellent plain shirt in Celanese sharkskin—a rayon piqué, dazzlingly white. The shirt has short sleeves with a slit on top of the arm for energetic play. Simpsons show a gored, cream wool skirt and a short-sleeved

(Continued on page 1030)

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Gorrings,
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"ILFRACOMBE"

Well tailored sports blouse in a crease resisting Rayon which has the appearance of linen. In Cream/Blue spot, Nil/Black, Pink/Blue or Ice Blue/Cherry.

Sizes 13, 13½, 14, 14½ **72/7**

Sizes 15, 15½ - - - - 77/5

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"INVERNESS"

Attractive crease resisting linen shirt, suitable to wear with shorts. In delightful pastel shades of Blue, Dusky Pink, Green, Honey or White.

Sizes 13, 13½, 14, 14½ **33/9**

Size 15 - - - - 37/11

4 coupons.



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wool sweater, dead plain, with a round high neck, perfect for a cold day at the seaside.

Tennis dresses at Lillywhites in white linen are simply tailored and cover the knee. The linen has been treated to resist creases and keeps its immaculate look well. The linens and the sharkskins, which are rayon, are the whitest of all the whites, whiter even, I think, than cotton duck. Morley's have invented a new cellular rayon fabric that is making its first appearance this summer in very limited amounts. This shirt fabric resembles the close mesh stockings and tailors beautifully.

WHEN it comes to the jackets and top coats to wear over tennis clothes there is a great latitude of choice. Jaeger are making a hip-length, tweed box jacket in brilliant colours, such as canary yellow with a herring-bone stripe in the weave. These jackets are belted and in the Utility range, marvellous value and are being sold in thousands. This is the kind of jacket that can be worn not only for tennis but with any summery outfit. There is an attractive waterproof at Weatheralls in pale blue lincord—a thick hopsack linen that is processed to be waterproof. This coat is box-pleated in the back and can be worn in a variety of ways, as it is given three belts that fasten it tightly all round in sections, or can be fixed in the front only with the back hanging like a cape, or just as a half belt at the back; or the belts can come right off and button in so that they do not show at all. A thick hand-knitted cardigan at the White House is the fashionable long-waisted shape with the front worked in a raised lattice in white angora, the rest plain.

Long camel coats are fuller than last season, gathered either back or front into a trim belted waistline, or box-pleated all round. The other style is straight, often with a fly front fastening and buttoning up to a turn-down collar. Vivid, lightweight tweeds come in much the same styles. Vermilion is the 1947 tone of red—wonderful with white.

Accessories are numerous. The peaked cap is the favourite of the summer. Tennis rackets and balls are plentiful. Socks are woven with elastic at the tops to cling. At Lillywhites there is a splendid tennis clothes hold-all in canvas, with a zip-fastened space for the racket, and plenty of room for a change of clothes. A strong canvas bucket strapped with scarlet leather is an amusing "carry all" designed for summer. Debenham and Freebody have it. At Raynes there are some high platformed



White buckskin and nut brown calf wedge shoe with a welted sole. Brevitt

French raffia shoes in natural colour which can be dyed any colour you choose. They are light and extremely good-looking, and most comfortable.

While these shoes are certainly not intended for players, they are smart to wear to a tennis party if you are going to watch. There is a linen frock made by Strelitz that has lines of drawn-thread work running vertically from the shoulder to just below the waist in between the box pleats in front—a charming design, simple and the kind of frock that can be worn on most country occasions on a hot summer day. The linen straw hats that Hugh Beresford is showing make the right rustic background for a linen frock of this kind—particularly pretty left in the natural shade and trimmed with field flowers.

Long sweaters that cover the hips are the novelty of this summer and look smart.

with slacks, or longer-than-knee-length skirts, but the short ones that tuck in at the waist are far and away smarter with shorts and knee-length skirts. Some of the sweaters are knitted with yokes and collars shirtwise; others keep to the round-necked classic style. Knitted cardigans are long, fitted into the waist by a band of taut ribbing, the rest in a basket or checkerboard pattern. These jackets are white or very brightly coloured; the pastels are not so fashionable this summer.

After years of queuing up for creams the choice of make-up and beauty preparations this summer is almost embarrassing. Various brand-new preparations have been got ready for the hot weather. Rimmel's pancake make-up has an oily base and is especially blended so that it does not dry your skin—a point to remember if you are playing tennis by the sea where the sun and salt have to be contended with. Cyclax's Summer Gold liquid or cream foundation is one of the best for tennis or any other sporting occasion. With it goes Gay Morning, a bright, clear red lipstick that makes a good foil for a white frock and a tan skin. Elizabeth Arden's eight-hour cream is excellent for taking the sting out of sunburn and also for clearing up small spots. Her sunproof cream applied before exposing oneself to the sun and sea protects the skin and prevents blistering, and an eye lotion is recommended to relieve strain. Dark glasses have lost the "goggles" look, as they are shaped up into points to the outer tip of the eyebrow and are nothing like so large.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME!

BLACKBIRD



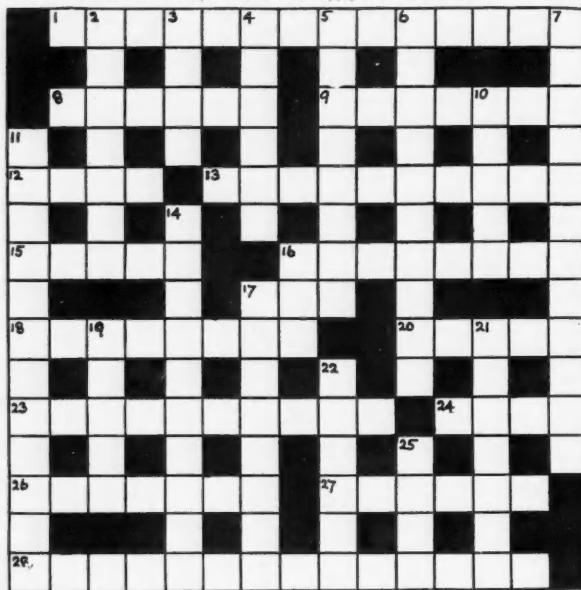
From where I sing, so
high, so high,
Little escapes my beady eye!
I see folk gardening, being fed,
And getting up, or going to bed!
Through bathroom windows,
far beneath,
I even watch them clean their
teeth,
And I will stake my sable coat,
My yellow bill and silver note,
That where teeth have the
whitest gloss,
You'll find a tube of Kolynos!

CONFIDENTIALLY
it's KOLYNOS
FOR WHITER, BRIGHTER TEETH

CROSSWORD No. 903

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 903, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, June 5, 1947.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)
Address

SOLUTION TO NO. 902. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of May 23, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Wine-tasters; 9, Idiom; 10 Evaporate; 11, Task; 12, Comus; 13, Clem; 16, Rhone; 17, Kaolin; 19, Recoil; 20, Erase; 22, Room; 23, Clubs; 24, Pass; 27, Suspender; 28, Obese; 29, Timber yards. DOWN.—1, Wainscot; 2, Name; 3, Tree of Knowledge; 4, Statue of Liberty; 5, Eros; 6, Stable; 7, Victoria Cross; 8, German measles; 14 and 15, Peter Piper; 18, Parapets; 21, Dorset; 25, Beam; 26, Moor.

ACROSS

1. The Traffic Commissioners' problem (7,7)
8. The table-cloth or what is on it? (6)
9. Foolish fellow, clever, but altogether undependable (7)
12. Repeated in approval (4)
13. Christian ascending Hill Difficulty (10)
15. Snow-house (5)
16. Generally speaking, a few hurried lines, perhaps (8)
17. There may be a catch in it (3)
18. Cart it? No. Transfer to this means of transport (8)
20. It makes a big break (5)
23. It is not necessarily Edward who is not fully compos (10)
24. Ailment resulting from increasing age (4)
26. In tears (anagr.) (7)
27. A friend to cover, looking white (6)
28. With Volcanic fury (6, 3, 5)

DOWN

2. Angelic painter (7)
3. Troubles (4)
4. Veined (anagr.) (6)
5. It sounds a county with a fine climate (8)
6. In this regard pet rectors are pliable (10)
7. Part of 28 needing a conveyance (12)
10. Unlike so many of the new houses (5)
11. "The line of festal light in — — — hall"
—Matthew Arnold (6, 6)
14. Useless? Quite the contrary (5, 5)
16. What the donkey returns to (3)
17. Claimed by the Germans as their ocean (5, 3)
19. As everybody wants to back, make the distribution (5)
21. Euclid out with his rod? (7)
22. "His chin new — — —"
"Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home"
—Shakespeare (6)
25. The historian's muse (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 901 is:

Mr. R. R. James,

8, Moorfield Road,

Woodbridge,

Suffolk.

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